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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569. 8vo. London, 1840. Pickering.

THE motto on the title-page of this valuable work, "Truth is the daughter of Time," was never more appropriately applied than to the page of history. The few years last past in which historical research has been making such long strides, have added immensely to the stock of materials for the use of the future historian, and have aided in partially raising the veil with which Truth has so long been concealed. Yet every day proves more and more how Time alone *is* the father of Truth, although, too often, the parent has been the cause of smothering its own offspring. The more materials we find, the more evident it is how many more we want before we can bring the truth to light, and how often the very documents are destroyed, if they ever existed, which only could clear up our difficulties. It is, in this, as in all things of this world—Time gives life with one hand, while he slays with the other.

What study is more noble, when rightly pursued, than history? It is the handmaid to philosophy. The movements of the world around us exhibit a continual picture of the workings of the immaterial upon the material, of the effects of that combination which we feel within ourselves. The mathematician turns from the mental contemplation of those mighty laws which are the basis of his science, to consider their material application in the endless and complicated series of machinery which administers to the happiness and comforts of society, and to the prosperity of kingdoms. The economist looks with no less interest upon these combinations of mathematical forces, with an eye to the effects which they must produce. In like manner, the philosopher turns from the abstract consideration of the mind *per se*, of its wonderful powers, to contemplate the practical application of the latter to the world around us, to see how under the direction of that high hand which gives the impulse, individual forces, or groups of forces, men, or parties of men, have been acting upon their fellows to produce the different vicissitudes which every kingdom has undergone. The politician, also, looks back on these great operations with a practical eye, inasmuch as the same laws and the same forces continue to rule and act. He sees in them examples for imitation, and he learns from them how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, or to develope the combinations which had failed because they had not been persisted in to an efficient end. To both (the philosopher equally with the politician), whether the field of observation include in its spacious limits the mutual relations of many kingdoms, or is restricted to a single nation or to a single reign, truth, even in the minutest particulars, is absolutely essential.

History is, perhaps, more instructive, taken in detail than in general views. In the latter mode of considering it we are apt to lose sight of individual action and character: we miss all the smaller motives of action, which, though outwardly less apparent in their operation, are often strongly visible in the result. In this respect, the history of a reign is a better field of observation than that of a kingdom, because the actors are men and not kings; and, for a similar reason, the history of a combination of events, which hang together like the parts of a machine, of a political movement complete in itself, is more interesting than the history of a certain number of years, during which a particular monarch wielded the sceptre.

The history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is full of episodes, many of them of the highest interest; and no period of those centuries was more so than that during which the throne of England was occupied by Elizabeth. Of these episodes, perhaps, the one which is least known to the historian is the rebellion of the two great northern earls in the autumn of 1569. The book now before us, and which has given rise to these reflections, is a singularly important collection of original materials concerning that affair. It is composed in a great measure of documents taken from the family archives of the people who were engaged in it; although their able editor has put under contribution almost every collection in Europe which promised any thing to repay the labour. Paris, Brussels, Madrid, Lisbon, even Rome, have furnished their share of illumination.

In speaking of the author (although his book be in a great measure a collection of original materials, he has a just claim to a much greater merit than that which is generally attached to the name of editor,) we may observe that he is a gentleman well known in the world of letters, though he has chosen to publish his work anonymously,—whose time is employed in official duties, but who gives his leisure to antiquarian pursuits, and consumes the "midnight oil" to give light to the public. His book is the result of the labour of some years. Our readers will form some idea of its importance, as well as of our previous want of information on the story it tells, when we inform him that in upwards of four hundred closely printed pages the author has scarcely quoted a single printed document, or one that had previously been used. We understand that only a small number of copies have been printed, and we consider ourself especially fortunate in possessing one. As its circulation must therefore be small, for that reason it is our intention to be more copious in our extracts than we otherwise might have been.

It will not be necessary for us to enter into a detailed account of the rebellion itself. Those who are anxious to do this must go to the *Memorials*, and the general reader will be sufficiently well aware that the main object for which the two earls (Northumberland and Westmoreland) "raised up the North Country," was to remove Elizabeth's Protestant ministers, and to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion; and, secondarily, to set at liberty Mary Queen of Scots; that after a few partial acts of hostility, the rebel army was broken up by its own mismanagement; that their leaders fled into Scotland, whence some of them escaped to the Continent; but that the Earl of Northumberland, the victim of treachery and bribery, was delivered up to the English authorities, and beheaded at York. The *Memorials* not only give a full and distinct history of these transactions, but the book abounds in curious anecdotes of the manners and feelings of the age, with much local information; and, above all, the private letters which are printed in it for the first time, throw a singular light upon the character of some of Elizabeth's great men. The persons who figure most on the scene are Sir George Bowes, the gallant defender of Barnard Castle against the rebels, the Earl of Sussex, Lord Hunsdon, and Sir Ralf Sadler. The groundwork of the book is founded upon the original papers of Sir George Bowes, discovered among the archives of his descendants.

His correspondence throughout exhibits the character of Sir George Bowes in a highly favourable light, perfectly in accordance with the noble portrait which, with several other plates, embellishes this book. Sir George held a post in the very heart of the disaffected country, and his letters give the most exact and particular account of the progress of the rebellion. On the 19th of November he writes to Cecil:—

"My humble dutye premised, pleaseth your honour to be advertised: the mutteringe rumours, whereof the matters was long kept close, is now in a most fierie flame burst out, to the generall alarme of this comonwelth, and great danger, no doubte (what shewe so ever be made), to the person of the prince. These earles hathe, and dothe, everie where, burne the service bokes and bible, and breake the comunion tables; and set owte proclamacions and preceptes, the copies whereof I send to your honour herewithe, havinge some of them under theire owne handes. They dailie alter them; for in the beginninge they used theire owne names, and others, endinge with threats of spoilinge; and nowe they use the Quenes Majesties name. They, more by coertion then favor, have, oute of the Bishoprick, Richmondshire, and Allertonshire, levied greate numbers of people of foot, and hath made divers spoils of some gentlemen, but that was but armour; and of some protestants, such armour or money as they found. Their force is best in assemblings, for dailie there cometh some to them; and, at this instant, they are at Ripon. They have verie sore menaced me, because I was nere them. By vertue of such commissions as was sent unto me, I have drawen away, according to their bounden dutie, the whole gentlemen of Richmondshire, and a great nomber of the Bishopricke, which, with me, remainethe here at the quenes majesties castle at Barnard Castle, accompanied with four hundred footmen, and two hundred horsemen."

On the 1st of December, Sir George was besieged by the whole rebel army, and with his little force defended his castle with great gallantry during eleven days, after which he was obliged to give it up on composition, and retreated with the honours of war. In the following letter to Cecil he gives an account of the siege, with some circumstances that were not previously known:—

"It may please your honourable mastership. Yesternyght I receyed a letter from the Quenes Majestie, of the 26th of November last, with another letter from yow of the sayme date; before which tyme I receyved none from her hyghness, or Privy Councell, or yow, at any tyme sythens my entrie into her Majesties castle of Bernard Castell, which was in the beginning of thys rebellion; and beyng then commanded by her graces severall commissions to me and others, derecte, to levye power, to be in redyness to attend upon the Lord Lieutenant, to suppresse thys rebellion, I had gathered thether bothe horsmen and allso fotmen, and keping them at Barnard Castle with me, to repair to the Lord Lieutenant, upon his Lordships call, as he had directed me, I was in the mene tyme beseged by the rebells. And contenewing there in strayte seage, with very hard dyett, and great want of bread, drynck, and water, which was our onely dryncke, save I myxed it with some wine, I fownde the people in the castle in continuall mutenyes, seekyng not only by greatt nombers to leape the walles, and run to the rebells, but also by all meanes to betraye the piece, and with open force to deliver yt, and all in it, to the rebells. So far, as in one daye and nyght two hundred and twenty-six men leapyd over the walles, and opened the gaytes, and went to the enemy; of which nomber, thirty-fyve broke their necks, legges, or armes, in the leaping. Upon which especyall extremities, and that day our water that we had, by the intelligens of them that fled from us, being strayt or taken away, and by other great occasions, I was forced by composition offerd to leave the piece; takyng with me all the men, armor, weapens, and horses; levyng my houshold stuffe, which I made no accompt of in this tyme of servyce, tho the valewe wer greatt; so as the enemyes receyved only the bare piece and stuff aforesaid, which, by the causes aforesayd, I could holde no longer. And I am come with my holle nomber, which this day will be three hundred horse, and one hundreth fotmen, to the Lo. Lieutenant, to serve her hyghness with all my force and redy harte; trusting it wyll please her graces goodness to accompt in good part these my doynges, intendyt only to save her graces good subjects from the force of the rebells; and to bryng theym agayne in place of servyce, rather than to preserve my lyfe, the danger wherof shall never drawe me any whytt backe from her highness servyce, with my full dewty. Hereof I wryte the more shortte unto you, because I truste the Lo. Lieut. hath alredy certifyed her grace of all thyngs touching thys matter; wherein I humbly praye your favorable supporte and gudness, to holde me in case and opynion, as my symple faythe and truthe hath and shall deserve. At my comyng abrode, my storers and kepers of my houses repayred to me with the sayme speache that Jobes servants to him, (save only for my children): for I am utterly spoylled of all my goodes, bothe within and without my housses; and all my corn and cattle karried away; and my housses fully defaced, by pulling away of the dores, wyndowes, irons off the windows, syling, and all my brewe vessels and other vessels, and chymnees apperteynyng my kytchen; so that I now possess nothing but my horse, armor, and weapon, brought out from Barnard Castle; which I more esteem than twenty times so much of other things, for that by it I am enablyd to serve my good Quene, whom God preserve, and I weigh not all my losses. And thus I pray God preserve you. From Sysaye, the xiiijth of December, 1569."

The taking of Barnard Castle was almost the only exploit the rebels performed. Before Christmas they had all taken refuge among the lawless borderers in Scotland. Sir Ralf Sadler writes to Cecil on the 22d December:—

"What a fond and folishe ende these rebells have made of their traiterous rebellion. They alwais fled afore us after we cam first within xij. myles of them, and we folowed after them as fast as we might, without rest; nevertheless you see how they bee escaped, which they might easily do in this wast and desolat country."

The two earls, with the Countess of Northumberland, and about a hundred horse, were received in Liddesdale by three very notable borderers, whose names still live in song—Black Ormston (accused of having been concerned in the murder of Darnley), John of the Side, and the Lord's Jock. The following extract of a letter from the Earl of Sussex, written at midnight of the same day as the last, will shew what kind of friends the rebels found on the other side of the border. The Liddesdale men were hindered from sheltering them by the fear of the regent, but they did not let pass the opportunity of indulging in their thievish propensities. An old Scottish poet has given the following account of the men of Liddesdale:—

"Of Liddisdaill the commoun theifis
Sa pertlie stellis now and reifis,
That nane may keip hors, nolt, nor scheip,—
Nor yet dar sleip, for thair mischefis."

And the same poet thus characterises the border chief who gave temporary shelter to the rebel earls:—

"He is weil kend—John of the Syide—
A greatar thief did never ryide."

The Earl of Sussex, in the letter just mentioned, says:—

"I have intellygens of suche as were present and sawe it, that the next morning after the Erles came into Lydysdale, Martyne Elwood and dyvers others of the principall men of Lydysdale did rayse their force agenst the Erles, Blacke Ormeston, and the reste of their company, and offered the fyght; so as bothe partyes were lyghted, and in the end Marten Elwood sayd to Ormston, he would be sory to enter deadly fewde with him by bloodshed, but he would charge him and the reste before the Regent, for keeping of the Rebells of England, if he did not put them out of the country; and that, if they were in the country after the next day, he would do his worste agaynst them, and all that mayntained them. Whereupon the Erles were dryven to leave Lydesdall, and to fly to one of the Armstrongs, upon the *batable*, on the borders betwyn Rydsdale and England. The same daye *the Lydersdale men stale my Lady of Northumberlands hors, and her ij. wemens horses, and x. other horses*, so as when th' Earles went away, they left her, and all the reste that lost their horses, on foote, at John of the Sydes house, a cottage not to be compared to any dogge kennel in England. Such is their present mysery; and at their departing from her, they were not 50 horse, and my L. of Westmorland changed his cote of plate and sword with John of the Syde, to be the more unknowen."

There are many other curious letters relating to the treatment of the rebels by the Scots.

Next to Sir George Bowes, one of the most striking characters in the book is the honest and blunt Lord Hunsdon. In the middle of the rebellion he gives Cecil the following account of the two Earls:—

"I am sorry too heare of Westmerland's wylfulness, who hathe refusyd eythar too heare or follow theyr advyse, that hathe for hys howse sake wysht hym well. The othar ys very tymerus, and as yt ys affyrmde, hathe ment twyse or thryse too submytt hymselfe, but that his wyfe beying the stowter of the two, doth hasten hym and incorage hym to persevere, and rydes up and downe with theyr army from place to place; so as the gray mare ys the better horse."

But the letter most characteristic of the high feeling and gallant bearing of Hunsdon is his answer to the order, sent by Cecil (then Lord Burghley), to carry to York to be executed the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland, who had been sold by the Scots to the English:—

"My very good Lord,—Thys day syttyng downe too dyner, havyng dyspatcht a pakket nott paste an ower byfor, I receyved your Lordship's pakket of the 8th, *whyche gave me my dyner*, fyndyng myself hardly delt withall, too be a carryer of any nobelman to executyon, intoo a place where I have nothyng too do. My charge is butt in thys towne, and the Este Wardenry; and therfore for me too be putt too bryng hym too Yorke for to be executed, I can neyther thynke that her Majesty deales well with me therin, nor that I have any such frends abowt her Majesty as I accounted of; and sewrly I wyll rather suffer sum ymprisonment then do it. Sir John Forster hathe both the comodity and proffyt of all hys lands in Northumberland, and he is fyttest to have the carryage of hym to York, and I wyll deliver hym safly att Alnwick, butt no further by my wyll; and therefore, my Lord, as ever I may thynke ye beare me any good wyll, or that hyr Majesty hathe any consideracion of me, lett sum othar be appointed to receve hym of me, eyther at Alnwyk or Newcastle. And so assuryng your Lordship that the wrytt came to me, *I wyll not styrre hens wyth hym* untyll I have anser from your Lordship agayne. I comytt ye to God. At Berwick, 11th July, 1572."

The sale of the Earl of Northumberland by the Scots is a frightful story. Many curious documents relating to the transactions which led to it, and to his confessions, &c. after he was given up, are printed for the first time in this interesting volume. Our space will not allow us to give further extracts this week, but we shall return to it in our next number, and shall give some of the letters relating to the horrible executions in the North Country which followed the rebellion, and which were considered necessary for an example in those uncertain times.

Sandron Hall; or, The Days of Queen Anne. By the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, M. P. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

THE days of Queen Anne offer a good period for the historical novel. The manners of society, and the state of the people of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were so different from those of our time, that, though only removed by little more than a century, it is difficult to believe that they belonged to the same country, to a condition of civilisation held to be highly advanced, and to an era when genius of the noblest order cast a halo over the literary and intellectual annals of England. It might be curious to trace the leading causes of the wonderful changes that have been produced; and perhaps to shew, for instance, that the introduction of steam had not effected more than the disuse of wearing swords!

But we have not room for such philosophising here; nor would it be a fit introduction to Mr. Berkeley's work, which paints the habits and feelings of the times with so graphic and lively a pencil as to render it quite unnecessary for his critic to enter upon analyses, comparisons, and contrasts.

Sandron Hall will, we think, be found sufficiently entertaining by the lovers of this class of composition. The characters are well drawn, and employed in many a perilous adventure; which, though extraordinary, do not lose sight of probability. Highwaymen, gipsies, and bravos, rakehelly ruffiers upon town, stabbers, and tavern-hunters, figure throughout; as, in truth, they did at the period described. And besides these we have the actual Queen Anne and her court, Button's Coffeehouse and its wits, Addison, Pope, Swift, &c. &c.; and one of the incidents which diversify the fictitious narrative is no less than the celebrated "Rape of the Lock." If we name also the infamous Mrs. Hayes, Lord Lovat, Colonel Charteris, and Jonathan Wild, readers will be aware that there are enow of courtiers, politicians, brawlers, intriguers, thieves, and ruffians, to form a dramatic company adequate to represent to the life "the Days of Queen Anne."

We will not trench on the story, but merely tell that young Sandron, the son of the worthy old English family of the Hall of that name, leaves home for London, where he falls in with very questionable companions; especially one Simon Surface, who acts an eminent part in the tragi-comedy, and not only makes the hero acquainted with all the haunts of vice, but after endeavouring to debauch his mind, and leading him so far into his trammels as to blacken his fame, endeavours to rob him of his greatest treasure—the heart of the loveliest of creatures, the love of his earliest years. These efforts complicate the plot; and —— but as our custom is, we shall leave them to interest the sympathies of fair readers, and reward them through the perusal of Mr. Berkeley's page. We will only say one word to recommend him more to their favour; and that is, to tell them that even in this novel he seizes occasion, in reporting a singular parliamentary effusion of the age, to put in a strong claim for their admission to be present at the debates of the legislature.

To find an extract or two, clear enough of the story not to injure its *dénoûment*, is always a task for us in noticing publications of this kind; and, in this instance, it is as troublesome as ever. We must, however, adduce one or two passages; and cannot do better than look at Sir Stamford Sandron's Polonius-like advice to his son on sending him into the busy world. We have to premise that the young gentleman had just killed a favourite gamecock of his worthy sire's, in endeavouring to shoot a crow in the midst of the poultry-yard. It is thus related:—

"'Ho, boy! give me my fowling-piece; there's a crow within shot.' The gun was quickly handed to him by a page, and he proceeded to take aim at the bird, surrounded, as it was, by the more valuable poultry. 'Don't shoot, Master Charles,' exclaimed the lad from within; 'if ye do, sir, ye'll shoot Sir Stamford's favourite gamecock.' 'Hold your peace, sirrah! do you think I do not know what I am about?' Then, as if addressing the bird mentioned, Charles continued, 'One step more, old blackbreast, and you are sufficiently out of the line. Oh, rare!—a single bird sitting alone is a mark for a tyro sportsman; but when surrounded by others which are to be cunningly missed, then there *is* some skill displayed in picking him off.' Bang went the gun; away, though crippled, flew the crow, and over fell the gamecock, while a host of smaller fowls ran screaming off to plume their ruffled feathers. Charles looked upon the field of battle with an eye in which mirth at his mistake was blended with disappointment and regret; however, like a spoiled child, he coolly drew in his head, kicked his page, and began to dress. His toilet being accomplished, on the ringing of the bell for breakfast he descended to the parlour, when the following scene was presented to his view. At the head of the table, in the starched, stiff dress of that period, sat his mother, very much disconcerted and in tears; while, with hands buried to the very ruffs in his embroidered waistcoat-pockets, impatiently chinking in either some keys or some pieces of money, his invariable wont when any thing annoyed him, stood Sir Stamford; his bluff, hale countenance expressing as much wrath as could be contained beneath the neat little rows of white curls which, from his perriwig, graced his temples. The father did not immediately address the offending son, but, looking first at his leathers and heavy riding boots, as if for a moment meditating a kick on somebody, he continued to divide his angry glances between the culprit, the housekeeper, and the defunct gamecock, whose body had been borne into the room on a tray. The instant Charles observed his mother in tears, he advanced and kissed her; while his father, motioning the gamecock's funeral from the room, seized a knife and fork, and, turning to a side-table, lustily attacked a cold round of beef. Breakfast passed in silence, and at its conclusion Charles was about to quit the parlour, when the old knight thus called him to return:—'Charles, come hither, boy, and sit down. You are to leave us to-morrow, and I would sooner give you some advice now, than put it off till the last moment: no, no; as a man is better able to bear the melancholy duty of making a will when he is in full possession of health and spirits, than he is when oppressed by sickness and on the eve of death, so can I more reasonably speak my mind now, than at the moment when I am about to part with you. You have shot—damn the gamecock!—I do not care for it otherwise than it provides me with an illustration which may regard some more serious act of your future life; you have, in this instance, missed your mark, and let it be a timely warning to you, never to attempt to strike the guilty where, by the misdirected or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good, *may* suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain if your efforts in so doing are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never wager a larger sum than you carry in your pocket. Never shake hands with a man if you are not really glad to see him. Never forget, when you meet, to recognise your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor, or who may have been in any way distressed, whether in mind, purse, or prospects, than you are to your more affluent acquaintance; for rest assured that *they* will feel your neglect more acutely than either your equals or superiors—superiors I need not say, for a gentleman ought to have none, unless it be the family on the throne. Never run extravagantly into debt, for it is the by-path which leads to moral destruction, and grows at last into the great highroad to irremediable ruin. Some parents would tell their sons never to run in danger, or engage wantonly in love-affairs.' Here Lady Sandron, in anticipation of what might follow, rose and quitted the apartment. Sir Stamford continued—'But, egad! I remember my own youthful days, and I am well aware that such advice is useless. Never quarrel, at least without a sufficient cause—a cause which you cannot overlook; but if it be necessary that you do take up a quarrel, then see that quarrel firmly to an end. When principal in an affair, be ever on the fighting side; when second, then cudgel your brains how, in strict honour, you can stay the effusion of blood. Be ever careful in whom you repose your honour, if a duel is in view; select your friend for his approved courage, his wisdom, and for his weight in society, and if you know not a man of this sort (they are rarely to be met with), in that case, come to me, and I will find a sword to back yours. Seek not such dangers, but never shun them when they seek you. Never betray confidence of any kind, more particularly the confidence of a woman: never be boastful of her favours, but, at the risk of life, so far as in you lies, maintain her purity and honour. I was about to add, never drink; but I fear me it will be difficult for you, in some societies, to refrain; if you should find it so, and cool chairs and clean glasses are thrice called for. Nay, I know not whether it mayn't be better in such an extreme case to drink till you are dumb, than, as honest Will Shakspere says, to let men 'put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' I could go on with the nevers for an hour yet, but I see you are anxious to depart; go then, my boy, and take your father's blessing with you; you have never been out in the world; but a good horseman, a good swordsman, and a good shot—never mind the accursed affair of the gamecock—and a tall, handsome, manly fellow, well-schooled by my excellent and reverend friend, the Doctor Marmaduke, ought to make his way anywhere.'"

We have occasional touches of politics on the side of the party to which the hon. member belongs; and not abstaining from a slap or two at certain blemishes, or imputed blemishes, in the Protestant Church (see pages 19 and 23, vol. i.). But it is more to our purpose to advert to a good general remark or two wherewith to conclude:—

Dinner-giving.—"It is (Mr. B. observes) astonishing what gentlemen, even with money in their pockets, will do for a dinner. It has been said that the way to an Englishman's heart is down his throat; and if one looks upon the people who are tolerated in the best society, simply owing to the frequency of their dinners and the celebrity of their cook, any man who thinks twice upon the subject must be fain to admit that there is much foundation for the degrading assertion."

Education.—"Since her condemnation and the temporal prostration of hardihood which followed it, she had conducted herself in the most lamentable manner, betraying not ignorance of the Scriptures, but, for a woman in her station of life, rather an extensive acquaintance with and knowledge of their contents; in short, she had read them from beginning to end, and offered a strong instance of that folly which is so often practised by ladies and gentlemen in the present day, the fact of supposing that you amend the poorer classes by simply teaching them to read, or to spell the words of Scripture, without the moral cultivation necessary to make their minds fit to receive the seed and understand its value. It would be well for those who are so anxious for

the march of the art of reading to apportion on the system of the county police a preceptor or teacher to so many hundreds of the lettered populace, to keep them to their legitimate studies; for as by the culture of a field you render the surface soil more prone to receive and foster either the useless thistle-down or the generous wheat, so by a little learning you open the mind to the insinuations of the obscene and dangerous publications of the day, which to the vulgar acceptances are apt to appear more amusing at the first glance than the at-all-times-difficult-to-be-understood revelations of Scripture."

We ought to have noticed in its place, that the faithful and unfortunate gipsy Corah is portrayed with striking effect; and that there are some ballads and other poetical pieces introduced, which animate the scenes with appropriate talent.

A Descriptive Tour in Scotland. By T. H. C. 8vo. pp. 395. 1840. Brussels: Hauman and Co. London: Whittaker and Co.

THE printing at Brussels has not been favourable to the typographical accuracy of this *Tour*, written, we observe, from a confession near the close, by one of our native poets; that confession, however, being needless, as the taste and feeling with which the writer describes and luxuriates upon the grandeur and beauty of Scotland's matchless scenery afford abundant proof of poetical temperament and poetical powers. Reversing the initials on the title-page, we guess we could come at the individual; but as he has chosen to address the public under an *incognito*, we do not know that we have a right to disturb the secret. Enough for us that these pages are exceedingly pleasant, and carry us through many of the finest and most interesting parts of the "land of the mountain and the flood," with a charm almost like themselves. The loch and river—the gigantic height and wild glen; the seas of hills immeasurably spread, and the narrow nooks with their foaming waterfalls; the bare expanse, and the dark pine woods; and the living objects which animate them all, are painted in a delightful manner; and we, who have enjoyed almost every inch of the ground, can bear our testimony to the sparkling fidelity and truth of the pictures.

The author, in a good-humoured preface, tells his readers that he is a "hypochondriac;" but there is no taste of it in his work; and whatever ails the body may have endured, the mind is clean, and fresh, and vigorous. From Glasgow the tour embraced Lochs Lomond and Katrine, thence to Loch Earne, Loch Awe, Oban, Tobermory, Staffa, Iona, Skye, Fort William, Glencoe, Blair Athol, Taymouth, Perth, Dunkeld, and other places of attraction for travellers of every kind and disposition; and, returning by Stirling, Edinburgh, and Abbotsford, it concludes within a few miles of the last melancholy spot, where he who so gloriously described the natural features of his own, his native land, rests from his earthly labours, among the mouldering remains of Dryburgh Abbey.

It will, perhaps, be our best course to treat this agreeable book by dipping into two or three of its passages of various sorts; and thus allowing the writer to shew how much better than a guide, and how entertaining as a companion, he is on Scottish ground.

At Tobermory he was drenched with rain during several days, as we presume every body is who visits that amusing harbour on their way from Oban to Staffa. Yet it is a place to be merry in despite of any weather afflictions; and if you wait long enough, you will be sure to get a conveyance to the wonderful Staffa and interesting Iona some time or other. Of the latter the author says:—

"Its appearance, as one approaches it, is bare and desolate. Indeed, in none of these western isles, except Mull, is there a bush even; and many of their inhabitants have never seen a tree, so that the sarcasm of Dr. Johnson about his walking-stick remains in full force up to the present day. The only objects that catch the eye on Iona are its glittering white beach, and the extensive ruins of its cathedral, which rise amongst the miserable cottages. Near this we anchored, and landed in the boat. Even before we touched land, we were besieged by a troop of half-naked, amphibious-looking boys, who emulously presented to our notice platesful of Iona pebbles, and, as we walked on toward the ruins, other tribes kept persecuting us, and poking their plates in our faces, ever crying out, like the Welsh children who used to torment us for our sins, 'Gie us a bawbee!' At length the nuisance became so intolerable that we were forced to turn and face the enemy, and, charging them with our sticks, compel them to retire to a respectful distance. The ruins of the cathedral are extremely picturesque; and some old richly-carved crosses in front of them are irresistibly tempting to a sketcher. While we were drawing one of these, a little, pale-looking, old man came up, and, looking over my shoulder, said, 'That which many men and horses could not move, you will carry away with you in your book,'—a speech which I dare say he has made to every person who has drawn these ruins, from time immemorial. We soon found that he was the schoolmaster of Iona, a well-known personage, celebrated in the guide-books, and himself guide to the antiquities of the island. He was, at this present, engaged in overlooking one or two haymakers, who were carrying their operations round about the cathedral, whose sacred precincts, small as they are, were turned to good account, and were rented, as he told us, by himself. He, however, left his occupation to attend us over the ruins, in which he seemed to take all the pride and interest of a personal profession. To his influence, it appears, much of their present good state of preservation is owing. He had caused walls to be propped, rubbish to be cleared away, and many a beautiful old fragment to be brought to light. So strong was his feeling for his darling ruins, that he could not speak with any patience of an Englishman having clandestinely carried off one of the figures that graced a tomb. I liked the old man, his energy, and simplicity, which was quite childlike. I think I still hear the simple tone in which, when asked any question he was unable to answer, he said, 'Ou! I know not.' * * *

"I was pleased with the conduct of the schoolmaster when we offered him half-a-crown for his services. He would not take so much, but said, 'Ou! what have I done for it? I should not have this for just speaking a little.' In effect, we could not by any means press on him more than two shillings. Hear this, ye who say that the Scotch are grasping!* We now began to think how we should bestow ourselves for the night. The schoolmaster had at first said that he was sure we could be accommodated at the manse; but, on inquiry, he found that the clergyman had guests staying with him, and that all his beds were occupied. There was a little inn, to be sure, but its appearance was any thing but inviting. Under these circumstances, we determined upon sleeping on board the cutter,—a decision to which we the more readily came, from the captain having said that he must weigh anchor at three the next morning, to secure the tide."

Our author does not notice the filthy state of the island, which is really disgraceful to its proprietor and the inhabitants, poor and miserable as they are. It is impossible to walk about without the danger of filth, and every corner, as well as the ancient ruins, looks wretched in the extreme. Leave we it for another quarter:—

"We landed (says the author) on the shore of Loch Aline, which name looks better in spelling than it sounds in pronunciation, for the folks call it Awlin. The entrance to this loch is extremely beautiful, and there is a picturesque old castle on an insulated rock near its head. We had brought with us a recommendation to the schoolmaster at Morvern (the village near which we landed), to enable us to procure horses for our land-journey. Our heavy baggage we left at Aross, to be forwarded by stream to Fort William, and we only brought with us such a roll as our horse could carry, in our old Cumberland fashion, my everlasting dressing-gown forming the exterior. Henry went to deliver the letter, but remained so long away that I became weary and restless, and set out, up the hill, to see what he was about. I met him about half-way, muttering maledictions on the tediousness of the schoolmaster, who had talked for a full hour before he came to the fact that there was one horse and one alone to be had, belonging to a man who was going our way and who would act as guide. There was also a saddle to the horse, a piece of luck in this part of the world. When I got to the top of the hill I was struck with the beauty as well as the simplicity of the view. The schoolmaster and an old man were sitting at the foot of a stone cross, resembling the one in Iona. Many old tombs were around. The sun was bright upon the breezy hill-top, the grass was fresh and green, and the blue waves were dancing below and gently kissing the feet of the mountains. It was such a scene of life as an old man might delight to gaze on. The charm of the scene was marred by the black and dirty schoolmaster's tedious homilies. He could not let us go till he had expounded severally all the reasons why it was supposed that the cross beneath which he was sitting had actually been brought here from Iona. At length we broke away from him, and I mounted the old grey steed which they had brought for me. (N.B. Grey or white seems the prevailing colour of horses hereabouts.) I found the animal nearly as difficult to deal with as the old schoolmaster. He chose his own pace and he took his own time, and one might as well have beaten a rock as his tough hide. After passing Loch Aline Castle, near which is a striking point of view, we observed nothing note-worthy, with the exception of the huts of the poor people, which come nearer to vegetable productions than to human habitations, their walls being entirely composed of living turf. Some of them were actual masses of long bright green grass waving in the wind, while the dark withered hue of the bracken, wherewith they are roofed, presented a singular contrast. For miles we went up a monotonous valley. Of all modes of penance commend me to riding up an endless glen, on the

* "A friend of mine, however, chooses maliciously to think that this moderation was a compromise between thrift and conscientiousness. The schoolmaster, he declared, could not bear to see money wasted, even by another and for his own benefit."

back of an obstinate horse, in a broiling day when midges and flies abound. These last tormenting insects kept stinging me between my glove and my coat-cuff till (before I discovered the real cause of the irritation) I had serious fears that I had contracted the Scotch complaint that may not be named to ears polite. Such a calamity may, in truth, not irrationally be feared, from the passion that the lower orders have of seizing and shaking one's hand before one can put it out of harm's way. The poor also, amongst themselves, shake hands with as much ceremony as two Frenchmen embrace. At length, turning out of the tedious glen, we crossed a high pass and descended upon Loch Sunart. Here we found quite a new order of scenery, the characteristic of which is sublimity dependent upon form alone. The mountains which surround the loch are of sterner formation than any which I have ever seen. It is a world of granite, treeless and herbless. One mountain, of giant size and noble outline, standing at the head of the loch, seems to be formed of one single block of stone. In arriving here, we seemed to be come at last to the bare bones of the earth. We now took leave of our guide and horse, and crossed to the other side of the loch (a distance of about four miles), in a boat that is kept here for the convenience of travellers. The boatmen made an exorbitant charge, which, backed by the information we had received from our guide, we successfully resisted; but the best way is always to make a bargain before-hand. We landed at a comfortable inn, a single house, at a place called Strontian, where we dined and hired a gig to Corran Ferry. When Henry took the reins, the landlord said, 'You had better let my man drive, as the beast is a wee fractious with a stranger.' We soon found, however, that the 'wee fractious' did not in any way mean that the mare was hard to manage, but hard to set a-going. In truth, I never met with an animal more disinclined to motion. However, by dint of marvellous exertions on the part of the driver, we got to Corran Ferry in pretty good time. The scenery was superb the whole way. The road lay through a wild and rocky glen, at the end of which appeared Loch Linnhe, with all its gigantic and extraordinary mountains, Ben Nevis hanging far above the rest its domelike summit in the evening sky. We crossed Loch Linnhe at Corran Ferry (our third trip by water this day), the distance about a quarter of a mile, and proceeded to this place (Ballahulish) in a sort of cart, the only kind of vehicle to be procured. It was near ten o'clock before we reached Ballahulish, having been fifteen hours on the road from Aross. We are in a quiet, comfortable inn, close to Loch Leven, and in the very heart of some of the finest scenery of the Highlands; but, as if to tantalise us, the mountains have put on their caps to-day, and rain is frequently falling. Occasionally, just to whet our curiosity, we catch glimpses of a fine pointed fellow opposite our windows; but our chief amusement is to watch the manœuvres of the ferry-boat that crosses the loch to an inn on the other side. The passage being just now a matter of difficulty, from the violence of the wind and the force of the tide, which, in consequence of the extreme narrowness of the loch, sweeps along like what one can fancy of an American rapid."

The author did not ascend Ben Nevis, as he says:—

"Whether it be that ill health has in me anticipated that period when, according to Nature's poet Crabbe, persons are apt to exclaim,

'The view is poor—we need not climb;'

or whether I have a feeling that to have climbed two mountains is enough in one tour, or whether I dislike doing what every body else does, I can hardly tell; but certain it is I have not had the inclination to go up Ben Nevis. This, however, need not be told in Gath (the thing, if known, might bar me from any, the least, pretension to taste); it is sufficient to say, in plain mother English,

'We had other fish to fry.'"

It was, nevertheless, a great loss, for no other mountain in Scotland repays the fatigue of climbing so richly as the lofty Ben Nevis. It is quite extraordinary what a difference a few hundred feet in superior height makes in hill scenery. It is then that, instead of looking at equals, you look down upon vassals; and the loftiest you have seen before becomes a footstool to the heaven-kissing summit on which you now stand. Our author, for neglecting this opportunity, almost deserved the punishment that awaited him at Ardavaser on his route to Skye:—

"The little jolly inn there is certainly 'the most villanous house in all *Scotland* for fleas' (Shakspere—hem!). 'By the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit,' than we were on the night of the 7th of August. Oh! the wretchedness, just as you are dropping off to sleep in scrupulously clean sheets (your fleas always harbour in the blankets), to feel a nasty tingling, which you try to think is not a bite, and, loath to be disturbed, lie still and patient, till the fact becomes indisputable, and a whole host of tormentors, flocking after the first marauder, rouse you up thoroughly to a sense of your wretchedness. Even if you have a light, it is in vain to rise and slay; for (as an old woman once said to me in flea-breeding Wales) 'if you kill one, a hundred will come to its burial.' Still you might get up and dress yourself again. But, supposing it to be pitch-dark, what perpetual restlessness of hand, even while one is almost torpid with fatigue, what tossing to and fro, what burnings, must the poor victim go through before morning! '*Flebit*,—he shall weep.' It is a sort of emblematic hell, whereof the little, black, skipping animals are the imps. Why Heaven has given them such power to torment, together with such horrible agility to escape, is to me one of the mysteries of this mysterious world. I think it favours the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, only that the purgation is begun on this side the grave. If so, I have many sins to answer for. 'Ah! knew he but his happiness, of men the happiest he,' for whom these provoking demons have no peculiar affection! How gladly should I excuse the proofs of their regard which they bestow on me! Happy, too, they who have a skin flea-proof. Whenever I am flea-bottomised, it is as if I had been flogged all over with nettles. A mere flea-bite, indeed! The expression seems to me much of a muchness with that other one, 'I have only caught cold;' to which a wise doctor once replied, 'Zounds, sir! would you have a fever?' We, I'm sure, were in a fever (the fleas love H—, too) when we rose, with morning's dawn at Ardavaser. Smarting all over, we sought a convenient spot behind the rocks for a refreshing dip, and found a most beautiful natural bath, formed by a circle of rocks, with bottom of pearly sand, gleaming through a depth of crystal-green water. While we refreshed ourselves therein, the room in which we had slept, or rather watched, was prepared for breakfast. The set-out on the table was as follows. A huge tea-pot, in which, according to what we have observed to be the custom in this part of the world, the tea had been already made; cups as disproportionately minute as they used to be in Dr. Johnson's days; a plate of oat-cake; ditto of biscuits (biscuits are almost always to be had in these small inns: they have them in preference to bread, because they keep longer); a dish of fried bacon; an enormous ditto full of smoking potatoes, in their jackets; a plate of eggs, *sans* cups; but provided with flat bone egg-spoons, shaped precisely like spades (very common in this part of the world, and very difficult to dig with); salt butter in thin wafers, like pancakes, and coarse brown sugar."

With appetites such as the Highland air and exercise engender, this is not such bad fare; and as for the fleas, the king and whole court from Tiberias might be despised where a heather bed could be found. It is only when indulging in the luxury of blankets, like the Great Macraw of whom the song sings, that one is exposed to the assaults of these annoyances.

In reviewing a recent publication ("The Sportsman in Ireland," No. 1218), we vindicated the Land of Cakes from the writer's charge of imposition and cheating; and we are glad to find our opinion sustained by an author so intelligent and just as the present. He says:—

"Our departure from Blair Athol was quite affecting. Even 'the very cat was wringing her hands' with grief to lose us. Jeannie, chambermaid, wept; and Jock, ostler, blew his nose. Mrs. Stewart—kind Mrs. Stewart—stood at the door, with a bag of pears in one hand, and a bag of biscuits in the other, which she forced us to accept as our viaticum. When will our English landladies be so generous? One hears much about the Scotch loving money. They may do so; we English certainly do: but this I know, that in Scotland I have met with more liberality of treatment than any where else. Seldom, indeed, have I experienced, during my travels, that dissatisfaction which the day of reckoning so often brings, in our own *dear* land, because it is a day of imposition. How often, in the course of one's life, one has been entirely contented at an inn till the bill comes in; and then, as entirely indignant at finding one has so much too much to pay for having been so comfortable! In such a case, the very attentions one has received during one's stay seem like treachery, somewhat resembling the hospitality of an ogre, who fattens his victims only to prey on them afterwards. Of such begin-at-home charity we have had but little cause to complain in Scotland, and least of all at Blair Athol. We departed then in peace and satisfaction, sorry to leave and desirous of coming again."

The Letters of Horace Walpole, &c. Vol. IV. 8vo. London, 1840. Bentley.

THIS excellent edition of a work which can never fail to amuse and interest the reader proceeds favourably on its course; and the new matters introduced, besides the portrait and other embellishments, seem only, by their fit association, to tempt us to a greater relish for the old. In the present volume, the principal additions consist of correspondence with Sir David Dalrymple, one of Scotland's historical and literary ornaments, and relate to subjects of general interest. Thus, a letter dated

Strawberry Hill, February 3, 1760, is full of matter quite germane to our literary page. It is as follows :—

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for the Irish poetry:* they are poetry, and resemble that of the East; that is, they contain natural images and natural sentiment elevated, before rules were invented to make poetry difficult and dull. The transitions are as sudden as those in Pindar, but not so libertine; for they start into new thoughts on the subject, without wandering from it. I like particularly the expression of calling Echo, 'Son of the Rock.' The Monody is much the best. I cannot say I am surprised to hear that the controversy on the Queen of Scots is likely to continue. Did not somebody write a defence of Nero, and yet none of his descendants remained to pretend to the empire? If Dr. Robertson could have said more, I am sorry it will be forced from him. He had better have said it voluntarily. You will forgive me for thinking his subject did not demand it. Among the very few objections to his charming work, one was, that he seemed to excuse that queen more than was allowable, from the very papers he has printed in his Appendix; and some have thought, that though he could not disculpate her, he has diverted indignation from her, by his art in raising up pity for her, and resentment against her persecutress, and by much overloading the demerits of Lord Darnley. For my part, Dr. Mackenzie, or any body else, may write what they please against me: I meaned to speak my mind, not to write controversy—trash seldom read but by the two opponents who write it. Yet were I inclined to reply, like Dr. Robertson, I could say a little more. You have mentioned, sir, Mr. Dyer's 'Fleece.' I own I think it a very insipid poem.† His 'Ruins of Rome' had great picturesque spirit, and his 'Grongar Hill' was beautiful. His 'Fleece' I could never get through; and from thence I suppose never heard of Dr. Mackenzie. Your idea of a collection of ballads for the cause of liberty is very public-spirited. I wish, sir, I could say I thought it would answer your view. Liberty, like other good and bad principles, can never be taught the people but when it is taught them by faction. The mob will never sing lillibullero but in opposition to some other mob. However, if you pursue the thought, there is an entire treasure of that kind in the library of Maudlin College, Cambridge. It was collected by Pepys, secretary of the Admiralty, and dates from the battle of Agincourt. Give me leave to say, sir, that it is very comfortable to me to find gentlemen of your virtue and parts attentive to what is so little the object of public attention now. The extinction of faction, that happiness to which we owe so much of our glory and success, may not be without some inconveniences. A free nation, perhaps, especially when arms are become so essential to our existence as a free people, may want a little opposition: as it is a check that has preserved us so long, one cannot wholly think it dangerous; and though I would not be one to tap new resistance to a government with which I have no fault to find, yet it may not be unlucky hereafter if those who do no wish so well to it would a little shew them selves. They are not strong enough to hurt they may be of service by keeping ministers in awe. But all this is speculation, and flowed from the ideas excited in me by your letter, that is full of benevolence both to public and private. Adieu, sir; believe that nobody has more esteem for you than is raised by each letter."

In another letter to the same, of two months' later date, Walpole writes :—

"The 'Siege of Aquileia,' of which you ask, pleased less than Mr. Home's other plays.* In my own opinion, 'Douglas' far exceeds both the other. Mr. Home seems to have a beautiful talent for painting genuine nature and the manners of his country. There was so little of nature in the manners of both Greeks and Romans, that I do not wonder at his success being less brilliant when he tried those subjects; and, to say the truth, one is a little weary of them. At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;' the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but, in recompense, makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed. The best thing in it is a sermon, oddly coupled with a good deal of bawdy, and both the composition of a clergyman. The man's head, indeed, was a little turned before, now topsy-turvy with his success and fame.† Dodsley has given him six hundred and fifty pounds for the second edition and two more volumes (which, I suppose, will reach backwards to his great-great-grandfather); Lord Falconberg, a donative of one hundred and sixty pounds a-year; and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold and this compliment (which happened to be a contradiction), 'That it was quite an original composition, and in the true Cervantic vein:' the only copy that ever was an original, except in painting, where they all pretend to be so. Warburton, however, not content with this, recommended the book to the bench of bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer. Adieu!"

The humanity inculcated in the following, of June 20th, recommends it for selection :—

"I am obliged to you, sir, for the volume of Erse poetry: all of it has merit; but I am sorry not to see in it the six descriptions of night, with which you favoured me before, and which I like as much as any of the pieces. I can, however, by no means agree with the publisher, that they seem to be parts of an heroic poem; nothing to me can be more unlike. I should as soon take all the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey, and say it was an epic poem on the history of England. The greatest part are evidently elegies; and though I should not expect a bard to write by the rules of Aristotle, I would not, on the other hand, give to any work a title that must convey so different an idea to every common reader. I could wish, too, that the authenticity had been more largely stated. A man who knows Dr. Blair's character will undoubtedly take his word; but the gross of mankind, considering how much it is the fashion to be sceptical in reading, will demand proofs, not assertions. I am glad to find, sir, that we agree so much on the 'Dialogues of the Dead;' indeed, there are very few that differ from us. It is well for the author that none of his critics have undertaken to ruin his book by improving it, as you have done in the lively little specimen you sent me. Dr. Brown has writ a dull dialogue, called 'Pericles and Aristides,' which will have a different effect from what yours would have. One of the most objectionable passages in Lord Lyttelton's book is, in my opinion, his apologising for the moderate government of Augustus. A man who had exhausted tyranny in the most lawless and unjustifiable excesses is to be excused, because, out of weariness or policy, he grows less sanguinary at last! There is a little book coming out that will amuse you. It is a new edition of Izaac Walton's 'Complete Angler,' full of anecdotes and historic notes. It is published by Mr. Hawkins, a very worthy gentleman in my neighbourhood, but who, I could wish, did not think angling so very innocent an amusement. We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction?* I met a rough officer at his house t'other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for, in the middle of conversation, he rose and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the bear-garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon those two universities. Adieu!"

Walpole's opinion of London booksellers does not seem to have been very flattering; but no doubt they must have improved since then, and by their liberal encouragement of literature and literary men, merited all that Dr. Johnson said of them :—

"I have not (he writes to Dalrymple) bought the 'Anecdotes of Polite Literature,' suspecting them for a bookseller's compilation, and confirmed in it by never hearing them mentioned. Our booksellers here at London disgrace literature by the trash they bespeak to be written, and at the same time prevent every thing else from being sold. They are little more or less than upholsterers, who sell sets or bodies of arts and sciences for furniture; and the purchasers, for I am sure they are not readers, buy only in that view. I never thought there was much merit in reading: but yet it is too good a thing to be put upon no

* "'Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic, or Erse language,' the production of James Macpherson; the first presentation to the world of that literary novelty, which was afterwards to excite so much discussion and dissension in the literary world.—*E.*"

† "Dr. Johnson was pretty much of Walpole's opinion. 'Of "The Fleece,"' he says, 'which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to call it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to couple the serpent with the fowl.'—*E.*"

* "It came out at Drury Lane, but met with small success.—*E.*"

† "Gray, in a letter to Wharton, of the 22d of April, says, ''Tristram Shandy' is an object of admiration, the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand. His portrait is done by Reynolds, and now engraving.' He adds, in another letter, 'There is much good fun in 'Tristram,' and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his 'Sermons' (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? They are in the style, I think, most proper for the pulpit, and shew a very strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience.'—*E.*"

* "Lord Byron, like Walpole, had a mortal dislike to angling, and describes it as 'the cruelest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports.' Of good Izaac Walton he says:—

'The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.'—*E.*"

better footing than damask and mahogany. * * * Your zeal for reviving the publication of 'Illustrious Heads' accords, sir, extremely with my own sentiments; but I own I despair of that, and every other public work. Our artists get so much money by hasty, slovenly performances, that they will undertake nothing that requires labour and time. I have never been able to persuade any one of them to engrave the beauties at Windsor, which are daily perishing for want of fires in that palace. Most of them entered into a plan I had undertaken, of an edition of 'Grammont,' with portraits. I had three executed; but after the first, which was well done, the others were so wretchedly performed, though even the best was much too dear, that I was forced to drop the design. Walker, who has done much the best heads in my new volumes, told me, when I pressed him to consider his reputation, that 'he had got fame enough!' What hopes, sir, can one entertain after so shameful an answer? I have had numerous schemes, but never could bring any to bear, but what depended solely on myself; and how little is it that a private man, with a moderate fortune, and who has many other avocations, can accomplish alone? I flattered myself that this reign would have given new life and views to the artists and the curious. I am disappointed: politics on one hand, and want of taste in those about his majesty on the other, have prevented my expectations from being answered. The letters you tell me of, sir, are indeed curious, both those of Atterbury and the rest; but I cannot flatter myself that I shall be able to contribute to publication. My press, from the narrowness of its extent, and having but one man and a boy, goes very slow; nor have I room or fortune to carry it farther. What I have already in hand, or promised, will take me up a long time. The London booksellers play me all manner of tricks. If I do not allow them ridiculous profit, they will do nothing to promote the sale; and when I do, they buy up the impression, and sell it at an advanced price before my face. This is the case of my two first volumes of 'Anecdotes,' for which people have been made to pay half a guinea, and a guinea, more than the advertised price. In truth, the plague I have had in every shape with my own printers, engravers, the booksellers, &c., besides my own trouble, have almost discouraged me from what I took up at first as an amusement, but which has produced very little of it. I am sorry, upon the whole, sir, to be forced to confess to you, that I have met with so many discouragements in *virtù* and literature. If an independent gentleman, though a private one, finds such obstacles, what must an ingenious man do, who is obliged to couple views of profit with zeal for the public? Or, do our artists and booksellers cheat me the more because I am a gentleman? Whatever is the cause, I am almost as sick of the profession of editor as of author. If I touch upon either more, it will be more idly, though chiefly because I never can be quite idle."

Greyslaer: a Romance of the Mohawk. By C. F. Hoffman, Esq. Author of a "Winter in the Far West," and "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

OURS is a pleasant task when volumes like these come before us for review. We have followed the author cheerfully through his animated descriptions of forests and rivers, open battle and subtile ambuscade, hair-breadth escapes and frightful scalpings. The scenes are, as the title promises, laid principally in the valley of the Mohawk during the American revolution. The hero is one of the leaders of the patriot band, and is thus introduced to the readers:—

"Tradition, too, tells especially of one speaker—a youth of scarce twenty summers, a shy student from Schentetada, who, fired by the impassioned appeals of older and more practised orators, burst through the bashfulness of inexperienced youth, and, leaping upon the rostrum, poured forth a flood of eloquence that hurried along the most sluggish natures upon its irresistible tide. 'Who,' said a bystander to a sturdy hunter, who with mouth agape and eyes riveted, as if by magic, upon the speaker, stood leaning upon his rifle near, 'who in all nature is that springald with sich a tongue?' 'Why, Adam, is it you, man, that axes me who young Greyslaer of Hawksnest is? You've seen me teaching the boy afore now, where he came up to Johnston in his hollow-days, and, thof he be groun a bit, you ought to know my old scholard.' 'Lor! Balt, that ain't the bookish chap that you larnt the rifle to? the younker that stood the brunt, when scapegrace Dirk de Roos got into that bother in old Sir William's time?' 'I tell you it is though,' said the woodsman, proudly; 'and a right proper shot I made of him. You see now how he plumps his argerments right into the bull's eye of the matter.'"

Farther on, the escape of Greyslaer, aided and accompanied by "The Dew," an Iroquois girl, furnishes us with another extract, though our limits will only permit our giving its conclusion:—

"They turn to leave the stream they have been following, and clamber up the sides of the glen through which it flows, and find themselves upon a narrow isthmus, with another stream, deeper and far more violent, roaring around its rocky base. Greyslaer approached the verge of the precipice, and despaired of proceeding farther. The cliff opposite was steep as that whereon they stood. The main stream, whose tributary it seemed he had been last traversing, had here cloven its way through a ridge in a channel so narrow, that any of the trees around him would span the black chasm. But he had no axe to fell one, nor would he have dared to disturb the echoes of the forest if one were at hand. At this moment the shrill whoop of the Mohawks rose fearfully behind him. They were near. He spoke a few words to his companion, seized a pendent vine that flourished near the spot, and flung himself out from the face of the cliff, as if determined to drop into the roaring current, and take his chance for escape in its angry bosom. He cast one glance back on the maid ere he let himself drop in the tide below. She had not sprung forward to prevent him, but stood with folded arms and a look of indignant sorrow upon her brow. Was it mingled scorn and pity that he should thus desert his preserver? So thought Max, as, still holding his grasp on the vine, he permitted himself to swing back by her side. 'Surely you can swim—you do not shrink from trying that stream with me?' he cried. 'Were my brother an otter, he could not live in that terrible water,' replied the maiden. The whoop was again pealed nearer and more near; it rose, too, this time, from a dozen savage voices. The girl wrung her hands as if in despair, while Greyslaer folded his arms and leaned against a tree, as if moodily resigned to his fate. Suddenly, however, the thought of a new device inspires 'The Dew.' She clambers like a squirrel toward the tree-top from which the vine depends; loosing a long and vigorous tendril from the stem as she ascends, she quickly passes another and a smaller one round it, so as to attach it firmly to a projecting bough; descends a few yards, and, grasping the vine tightly in her hands, darts out from the wall of foliage like a swallow from the face of a cliff, clears the chasm, and lands safely upon a dizzy ledge opposite. Greyslaer, who, unappalled for himself, had but a few moments before hung suspended over the gulf below, covers his face with his hands in the instant the daring feat is in the act of being accomplished; and, almost ere he can look again, the maid has recrossed the chasm and dropped nimbly by his side. But why do they still delay? The sound of pursuit grows nigher, yet Max refuses to take the chance of escape, of which his noble guide has so daringly set an example, until she herself is in a place of safety. The breath of an instant is precious—and now 'The Dew' again makes the airy passage, and is followed by her friend the instant he can recover the vine as it swings back within his reach. 'The Dew,' with Indian precaution, seizes it once more as he is thoughtlessly about releasing it from his grasp, and, winding the end around a heavy stone, she hands it to Max, and signifies to him to throw it into a thicket upon the same side of the stream whereon it grew. The two have then barely time to plunge into the bushes beyond them, when the pursuing Mohawks appear upon the headland opposite, and they soon after hear their baffled howl of disappointment at the broken and lost trail of the fugitives."

Some idea may be formed of the softer passages of the writer's pen from the following *prettiness*:—

"Greyslaer alone had his eye upon the Indian pair, and as he now fully understood their language, he was not a little amused with the cool generalship with which the Oneida made his advances. 'My sister,' said Teondetha, seating himself on a log near the opening of the shanty, the moment he discovered the vicinity of his lady-love; 'how is it with her?' 'As with the bird that has wandered from its nest, and knows not where to alight; as with the sunbeam that drops into the forest, and finds no sister ray to receive and mingle with her beneath its chilling leaves.' 'Teondetha is the tree whereon the bird would alight.* His heart is the fountain that would send back a ray to mingle with the sunbeam. Teondetha is a great warrior. He must build a lodge of his own, wherein to hang up the scalps of his enemies. Who will be there to light the pipe of the young chief?' The girl, so far from shrinking at sight of the gory trophies at his belt, gazed now admiringly upon them as her half-savage lover held them up to her eyes. 'The young chief has earned a right to smoke before the women,' she said. ''The Dew' will not extinguish his pipe when he lights it.' 'Good!' said the copper-coloured gallant; and, bending over the coals, he carelessly swept up one with his hand, and dropped it into the bowl of his pipe. He puffed away calmly for a few moments, while his thoughts seemed occupied only in watching the smoke-wreaths that circled around him. 'What sees my brother in the smoke?' asked the girl, after watching her taciturn wooer for a while. 'A bird,' replied the Indian, gravely. The girl smiled, was silent for a moment, and then

* "The meaning of Teondetha is 'a fallen tree.'"

looking down rather demurely, and pulling to pieces the twigs whereon she sat, asked—'What says the bird to my brother?' 'It says that Teondetha is a tree whose leaves will only flourish by the Spreading Dew.' The girl laughed outright (girls *will* laugh!), but the solemn composure of her companion seemed nowise disturbed by her merriment. The laugh, however, ceased at once, without subsiding into a titter. 'And what does my brother see now?' she resumed, as soon as she had recovered her sobriety. 'He sees a beaver.' 'And what says the beaver?' 'The beaver reminds him of a promise which 'The Dew' made many moons ago, off by the yellow waters that flow from Garoga Lake. The beaver says that those of his tribe who have no lodge become worthless castaways. 'Teondetha,' says the beaver, 'let not 'The Dew' go out of your sight again till you have built one for both of you.' 'The beaver is never foolish,' murmured the girl. A heavy puff of smoke from the fire at that moment wrapped the lovers from Greyslaer's sight, and he could not see whether the Indian pair sealed this important passage of their courtship with the impress that fairer wooers would perhaps have used; but, as the smoke cleared away, he thought that he distinguished 'The Dew' withdrawing her little hand from that of Teondetha, who had slightly changed his position."

The third volume is almost entirely historical, and we skip those scenes of horror and bloodshed which have been so often told, and come to a last extract we owe to the finely drawn character of Balt, the old woodsman, who figures prominently in these pages, passing several others of equal interest,—Alida, Bradshaw, Brant, Valtmeyer, Derrick de Roos,—each offering a proof of the author's ability. But old Bal speaks:—

"'Listly,' to the dog: 'Why in all thunder does the old hound not come up when I call?' says I to myself, says I. 'By the everlasting hokey, if he hasn't got one foot in a painter* trap,' said I next moment, as I caught sight of the leather thong by which some Redskin had fixed the darned thing to the rock. I ups rifle at onct, and, hand on trigger, to cut the string with a bullet. 'Stop, old Balt, what are ye doing?' says I agin, afore I let fly. 'The dumb brute, to be sure, will be free if you clip that string at onct, as you know you can. But the teeth of the trap have cut into his flesh already; will you run the chance of its further mangling him, and making the dog of no valu to any one by letting him drag that cursed thing after him when he gets away? No! rayther let him hang on there a few moments as he is, till you can go judgmatically to work to free him.' With that I let the suffering critter wait until I had cut down a tree, slanted it from the top of the cliff to the ledge where he lay, got near enough to handle him, uncoiled the leather thong that had got twisted round him, sprung the trap from his bleeding limb, and holped him to some purpose. Now, yere honour, think ye that, if I had not waited patiently till all this snarl about Miss Alida had been disentangled afore Major Max got free, he would not have gone away from this court with something still gripping about his heart, as I may say; something to which the steel teeth of that painter-trap, hows'ever closely they might set, were marciful, as I may say? Sarting! sarting! he would. But now every one has heard here all that man, woman, and child, can say agin her. And here, in open court, with all these book-larnt gentlemen, and yere honour at their head to sift the business, we've gone clean to the bottom of it, and brought out her good name without a spot upon it.' We will leave the reader to imagine the effect which this homely but not ineloquent speech of the noble-minded woodsman produced upon the court, upon the spectators, and upon him who was most nearly interested in what the speaker said. The reader must imagine, too, the emotions of Alida when Max and she next met, and Greyslaer made her listen to the details of the trial from the lips of his deliverer; while Balt, pausing ever and anon as he came to some particular which he scarcely knew how to put in proper language for her ears, would at last get over the difficulty by flatly asserting that he '*disremembered* exactly what the bloody lawyer said jist at this part, but the major could tell her that in by-times.' These by-times, as Balt so quaintly called them—those sweet and secret interchanges of heart with heart—that full and blessed communion of prosperous and happy love—came at last for Max and Alida."

* "Panther."

Altogether, this is a very stirring and excellent Indian romance.

FRASER'S TRAVELS IN KOORDISTAN.

[Concluding notice.]

We resume our review of this work with pleasure; and step at once into the general description of a very interesting region. Mr. Fraser says:—

"You are aware, I presume, that the country of Mesopotamia, that is, the tract lying between the two rivers Tigris and Euphrates, though forming no part of Arabia Proper, is principally occupied by Arab tribes; who, originally tempted, doubtless, by the fertility of the soil, so much more productive than their own deserts, have overrun not only the greater part of the country more immediately in question, but have also taken possession of the low lands on the left bank of the Tigris from the shores of the gulf, even up to Mousul. Thus the upper part of Mesopotamia, or the Jezeereh, as it is called by the Arabs, from the river Khabour to the vicinity of Baghdad, is occupied by the Jerboah tribe, of whom frequent mention has been made in the foregoing pages. The Delaim tribe infest the immediate neighbourhood of the city; several tribes, varying in power and respectability, but the dominant and principal one of which is the Zobeid, possess the country from thence to the Skat-ul-Hye, a canal or river which crosses the Jezeereh, connecting the two great rivers. The space from that canal to Kerna, where they meet, is occupied in like manner by many tribes, of whom the Ben-i-Rubbiyeh, relatives of the Montific, are the principal. In fact, all the others are but dependants of these two last-mentioned powerful tribes. On the right bank of the Euphrates the great tribe of Aneiza, with whom you are already in some measure acquainted, rule the country and oppress or protect, as the case may be, a multitude of smaller tribes, who are found along the river all the way from Beer to Anah. From Hillah to Semavah, the marshy tract formed by the overflow of the Euphrates, including what are called 'The Lemloon Marches,' is held by the large tribe of Khezail, powerful from the nature of their country, who are agricultural as well as pastoral, living much on the produce of large herds of buffaloes, reared on the rank vegetation of the marshes, and who are especial savages, and faithless plunderers to boot. From Semavah to the sea, the whole country belongs undisputedly to the great tribe of Montific, who range upwards, occasionally, as far as Hit and Anah, on the confines of the Aneiza, and who give shelter to a number of dependent petty tribes. All these, excepting the Aneiza, are, nominally at least, subjects of the pashalic of Baghdad. On the left bank of the Tigris above Baghdad, the country is overrun with various small tribes of Koords and Arabs, as you have partly seen, all robbers, who plunder travellers, and commit every kind of depredation. Below Baghdad is found the powerful tribe of Ben-i-Lâm, who range the lower parts of Susiana to the Keerkah; and beyond that river the Chaab Arabs have possessed themselves of all to the sea. A glance at the map will enable you to understand the localities of these various tribes. Now all these petty tribes being descendants of the same stock as their brethren of Arabia Proper, or wherever else the race is to be found, resemble them in all essential points of character. They all lay claim to the virtues of generosity, hospitality, justice, incorruptible integrity, and fidelity to their words or oaths, as well as to the high qualities of courage, independence, and love of freedom; and acknowledging themselves to be plunderers and robbers, obviously attach no discredit to the act of appropriating the property of strangers who may not have bargained with them for the safety of their persons and goods. In fact, like their great progenitor, their hand is against every man, until, at least, its aid or its forbearance be purchased. They love the roving and pastoral life, moving from place to place, within certain bounds, in search of pasture for their flocks and herds; though, of later years, finding a difficulty in procuring a sufficiency of grain by barter, a portion of each tribe have betaken themselves to agriculture, and cultivate a portion of its land for the behoof of the rest. These Fellah, or cultivating Arabs, are, however, held in low estimation by their roving brethren, who despise all such menial employments, as degrading to their free and noble race. Whatever virtues the Arabs of former times may have possessed, it is to be feared that few have descended to their progeny of these degenerate days, at least in those parts to which Europeans have had access. As the iniquitously acquired knowledge of our first parents opened their eyes to their nakedness, so the perception of his comparative poverty has awakened in the Arab's mind a craving for riches,—a feeling which is directly subversive of the practice of either hospitality or generosity; because the easiest way—indeed, the only way—for one of his habits to acquire them, is by force and rapine, by taking the property of others; and, accordingly, the existence of these virtues is found proportionably rare. The same may be said of integrity and fidelity. The man who is unscrupulous as to the means of acquiring riches will pay little regard to his promises or oaths. Accordingly, nothing is more common than instances of Arab faithlessness and treachery. The sacred tie of 'bread and salt' becomes an empty form which is easily evaded. The pledge given by one chief is disregarded or broken, when it suits his purpose, in the person of his brother or his uncle, who declares his own independence and right of plunder; and we hear even of a host, after entertaining travellers as his guests, and guarding them in safety on their journey to a prescribed point, himself waylaying and stripping them. Courage, like many other qualities, is the child of circumstances, and flourishes in proportion as these call it forth. The stout resistance of the Ben-

j-boo-Allee tribe to the British arms at Rausul-Khymah, the determined courage of Arab mercenaries in India on many occasions, and the daring (though often atrocious) exploits of the Wahabees, may serve as proofs, among many others that might be quoted, of Arab gallantry; yet so much is the reverse the case in the countries we are now speaking of, that the cowardly, yet bullying, character of the Arabs is notorious. Of this there are numerous instances. * * * A little firmness will almost invariably bring the Arabs of Mesopotamia to reason; but this firmness must be guided by judgment and discretion, or it may lead to painful results. If blood be drawn where the superiority on the part of the opponents is overpowering, the consequences are sure to be fatal; whereas, when resistance in such situations is not offered, the Arabs seldom, if ever, murder. This was exemplified in the case of three Englishmen who were travelling, not many years since, with a caravan from Baghdad to Constantinople. At a point near Mardeen the caravan was surrounded by a large party of armed Arabs, who demanded a sum of money by way of custom. The affair would have been speedily arranged by the payment of part of this demand, but these gentlemen, who were a little way apart at the time of the attack, either dreading the result or scorning the idea of submitting to be robbed by Arabs, retired to a little rising ground, where they were speedily surrounded by a well-armed troop. Threats and furious gestures ensued, and in the scuffle, by some unfortunate chance a pistol, discharged by one of the gentlemen, shot the son or relative of the sheikh. The consequence was an instant assault, and the unfortunate travellers were cut to pieces in a moment. You have already seen that these battles are almost ridiculously bloodless—a victory is not unfrequently gained without the loss of a man; but it is to be observed that, in addition to the shyness of individuals to expose their persons to hazard, there is a wholesome apprehension of the consequences of a blood feud, which forms a powerful check upon any indiscreet propensity to violence. In the battle with the Ageil, however, this principle did not come into operation, and yet you have seen how comparatively small a loss the Arabs sustained on this occasion, and how little they exposed themselves to danger. These blood feuds among the Arab tribes, pregnant though they are with atrocities and horrors, differ little in character from those of other nations, including even our own countrymen in the times of old. Volumes of details might be written on the subject; but I dare say you will be satisfied with one or two instances by way of sample, and there is one which I am tempted to relate, as having occurred within the knowledge and partly in the presence of one of our countrymen. A branch of the great tribe of Ben-i-Lâm were at feud with another tribe of Arabs, whose name I have forgotten, and much blood had been shed on either side to satiate individual revenge and vindicate the honour of surviving relatives. It happened that an Englishman, travelling through Khuzistan, was received and entertained in the tent of the sheikh of the latter tribe, his entertainer, the only member of the family at home being a daughter, who acted as hostess in her father's absence. At night, the inmates of the tent, including the stranger, retired to rest; but towards morning he was awakened by shrieks, and distinguished the voice of his young hostess exclaiming, that she was murdered! All rushed to the spot, where they found the unfortunate girl in the agonies of death, her breast pierced with three deep stabs of a dagger. While gazing on the dying victim and offering vain assistance, a voice was heard from a height close by, exclaiming: 'Yes, it is I! I have done it—praise be to God, I have murdered her!' All eyes were turned to the spot, where there was seen an old woman standing and gesticulating with vehemence. A rush was made towards her, and she either ran or was borne back to the brink of the river, on which the tents were pitched, from the high bank of which she fell into the deep stream; and, whether she perished or escaped, was seen no more. On inquiry, it appeared that this sheikh, who now had to mourn the loss of a daughter, had once had a son, who, in some former fray, had been put to death by a *pehlewan* (or champion) of the other tribe; an event which called forth all the virulence of the existing feud. Some short time afterwards a stranger entered the camp, and was received with the customary cordiality of Arab hospitality. Unfortunately he was recognised by some of the tribe as the very *pehlewan* who had put to death the son of their sheikh. What was to be done? He was now their guest, and by all the laws of hospitality, and by Arab customs, could not be touched. The sheikh himself was absent; and the arguments of good faith and mercy were preponderating, when the young woman now in question entered the assembly and upbraided the men with cowardice and cold-heartedness towards their chief. 'What!' said she, 'shall the murderer of your sheikh's son be in your hands and yet escape? Never let this be said—put him instantly to death, or renounce the name of men!' Still, however, a reluctance to infringe on, in so direct a manner, the laws of host and guest, restrained the hands and weapons of the men, in spite of the wrath that was boiling in their breasts, and possibly the force of that consideration might have prevailed, when the young girl herself, maddened at the sight of her brother's murderer and the idea of his escaping, seized a sword and smote him. The sight of blood was irresistible—in a moment every weapon was drawn, and sheathed in the body of their unfortunate guest—he was literally cut in pieces. The sheikh returned, and shocked at the atrocious violation of hospitality, was furious at the perpetrators: fain would he have recalled the act or repaired the injury; but that was impossible. Time passed on, and the murder, like others of the sort, was forgotten by the tribe; but not by the mother of the slain. Resolved upon revenge, she had followed the hostile camp for years, and patiently watched an opportunity, which she found not until the fatal night when the Englishman who relates the story, was by chance a guest in the tent of the shiekh, and witness to the consummation of her savage vengeance. The following still more dreadful tale of Arab revenge is taken from some memoranda of Colonel Taylor, respecting the Arab tribes, and refers to a remoter period:—the tribe of Montific, to whose power I have referred, derive their chief strength originally from two principal clans, the Mâlik and the Ajwad, who, though now united, were once at deadly feud. Their quarrel was for the right of pasturage over certain tracts, and the Mâlik prevailed—the Ajwad were exterminated; excited to desperation by the songs and encouragements of the daughters of their tribe, every male of the Ajwad armed himself for battle, and fell in defence of the spot where his fathers had pastured their flocks. But even this sanguinary triumph was insufficient for the cautious forecast of Suleiman, the leader of the Mâlik; he dreaded future retribution, should even a single individual, especially a male, of the conquered tribe survive. So he adopted the atrocious expedient of putting to death every surviving female, and securing the loss of progeny by the most horrible means. This diabolical act was perpetrated. One alone, who had thrown herself at the feet of a Mâlik chief, was saved by his compassion at the risk and almost by the sacrifice of his own life, for he was wounded, and nearly cut to pieces in defending his *protégé*. Of this young woman, who was pregnant at the time, was born Abdallah, afterwards the founder of a tribe which, from the peculiar origin of its head, received the appellation of 'the Orphans' Tribe.' The scene of slaughter was one of those pleasant glens which, even in the sterile and rocky soil of Arabia, are found among the mountains; where water may be every where obtained near the surface, and which in spring and early summer are covered with a rich verdure, affording excellent pasturage. It is there the wandering Arab loves to encamp; and so pleasant are those lovely spots, in contrast with the desert around, that no wonder can be excited at any struggles to maintain the right over so delightful a retreat. The valley in question is to be seen some fifteen miles to the south of modern Bussora, and to this day retains the name it received on that fatal occasion, being known as the Wâdi-ul-nissa, or the Vale of Women."

At Baghdad all was insurrection and confusion, and our countryman was well away even among the wild, and as it appears from him, greedy, thievish, mean, and far from hospitable, Arabs, who roam between the Tigris and Euphrates, over the Jezeereh or lower portion of ancient Mesopotamia.

On this tour Mr. Fraser visited the sites of Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Babylon, Hillah, the Tower of Babel or of Belus, and other spots, some of doubtful identity, but all of much sacred and historical interest. The whole territory, indeed, seems to be covered with the ruins of cities and remains of the most remote antiquity; pottery, scoriæ, bricks, inscriptions, copper, glass, cylinders, and mighty mounds, which, in all probability, were once the national temples for Sabæan, or fire-worship, of a rich and densely populated region. Under what dominion it is now may be gathered from the following, relating to a miserable hack, and then to two of the same value, presented to the travellers on leaving the Sheikh of the Montefic Arabs. They had previously refused to accept hack the first, and proceeded to another encampment:—

"Our host, who was a sheikh, and a cousin of the great man, when he saw our company, and supposed that the cost of entertaining us was to fall on him, took alarm and tried to induce us to go further up the river, assuring us we should meet with plenty of Arabs to lodge with nearer the place of crossing; but no sooner was it intimated to him that a present might be expected, than the tune was changed, and we were accommodated with all we required. While sitting at this gentleman's fire, we spied two horsemen coming up to the camp, and were informed that they were riding the horses which the sheikh had selected for us, and sent after us on hearing of our departure. On casting our eyes on them, one proved to be the very rejected yaboo of the preceding evening, and the other a quadruped of the self-same description; neither was worth ten shillings. It was a very

annoying business, as having been sent after us by the sheikh, it might be taken as an affront should we return them. I proposed to give them to the people who brought them, as to take them with us was impossible; but the men told us that to accept them, or to take them back at all, was as much as their heads were worth. Their orders were to follow me till they found me, and place them in my hands, should they even have to go to Baghdad for the purpose. Still we declared, that to take them with us was out of the question, and I appealed to the assembly round me, the Sheikh's cousin included, whether I should not more consult that chief's honour by leaving his horses than by taking them with me. 'What would be said of the Sheikh Montefic in Baghdad,' I asked, 'were we to enter that city mounted on such animals, and shew them as the gift of that great Arab chief? Would they exalt his name?' I must do them the justice to say that every man of the company agreed with me, and hung his head in shame at the transaction; but the two messengers still entreated me to consider their safety, and not to expose them to the sheikh's anger, as they could not possibly return to his presence with their faces so blackened. So I compromised the matter by writing a letter to the sheikh, acknowledging the receipt of his horses; but requesting permission to leave his bounty in his care, as I had not people enough to take care of the horses I already possessed. I trusted to rumour to do the rest, and put this great Arab chieftain to shame, if he were susceptible of such a sensation; and thus ended my intercourse with this mighty personage, the Sheikh-ul-Mushaeekh, or Sheikh of Sheikhs, as he is termed, in letters addressed to him by the government, giving us a fair ground to estimate the value of Arab liberality, as well as their hospitality, in these degenerate days; for I ascertained that there was no trick of servants in the case; the sheikh had, with his own eyes, seen the beasts, and approved of them; thus, whatever may have been the Meerza's part in this shabby transaction, the disgrace of it fairly lies at his master's door."

We have now done as much as we can for this publication, and have only to give one example of an Arab superstition:—

"As we alighted at the camp this night, an old woman brought a young infant in her arms, and passed it three times under the belly of one of our horses. We were told that it was regarded as lucky to do so with a horse of a stranger guest."

From Baghdad we cannot accompany Mr. Fraser to Tehran, and thence to England; but it is a long journey, four thousand miles in a year, with bad lodging, bad feeding, roadfrays, and constant impositions, nearly throughout the whole of it. Novelty and change, the most attractive of human inducements, could alone reconcile man to so much hardship and so many dangers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Prelate. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Boone.

THERE is a degree of spirit in the style of these volumes which shews the author can write; it, however, requires something more than mere desultory writing to produce a novel. We see he is announced as the Rev. S. Smith (perhaps that he may be mistaken for the Rev. Sydney, which is a trumpery *ruse*), and he also puts forth some arguments upon education:—and his plan has evidently been to make the characters of his fiction work to different ends as their early impulses have been differently directed,—this he has failed to do. Ambition is the passion fostered in the youth of the Prelate; his elevation is step by step, brought about by chance; and never, save once from writing a pamphlet, does he rise by any act or exertion of his own. And in the finale he wakes from apathy to die of apoplexy. There is another person educated in these pages, and he turns out a straightforward and somewhat boorish young man, but the plan of his bringing up is not very distinctly shewn. The Cambridge scenes are well sketched, and, with the exception of the frequent dinner-table quarrels, fair pictures of college life. We should say the time is that of George III. when conviviality was more in vogue than in the moderate wineing of the present day.

The Quadroon; or, St. Michael's Day. By the Author of "The Pilot of the Gulf," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

ON rather new ground, viz. *New* Orleans and Louisiana, when ceded by France to Spain in 1763, this is nevertheless a romance in the old style. A villanous noble Spaniard slays his brother, most unlike the gallant Lord Bateman (whose adventures those of this Ramirez very much resemble), is false to his wife, the daughter of the Emperor of Morocco, into whose dominions he is carried a prisoner by pirates, and being sent to take the government of the ceded province, commits a thousand diabolical atrocities. But in the end even-handed justice is administered, the dead come to life, a sorceress terrifies the guilty, the Quadroon turns out to be a marquess, his lovely sister, whom the monster pursues with evil designs, is his own daughter (a revolting relation), and many melo-dramatic improbabilities are perpetrated, when kings and queens, and empress's children, and Indian chiefs, &c. &c. &c., are ranged in happiness in the most approved fashion of this style of making such stories as "the world ne'er saw." Battles, stilettoes, assassinations, escapes, and other marvels, are plentifully thrown in to season the dish; and the greatest wonder of all is, that every body is not killed long before the end of the first volume.

Works of Sir E. L. Bulwer, &c. &c. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

THIS new volume is an ample one, completing "The Student," and containing the whole of the author's admired work, "England and the English." So much matter (595 pages) for so small a cost must recommend it to a very wide circulation; and it is a pleasure to us to notice with how much care and effect Sir Lytton has revised his productions, and enriched them with valuable additions.

The Ladies' Knitting and Netting-Books, by Miss Watts, 1st and 2d Series. (London, Miland.)—From babies' hoods and socks, through mittens and muffatees to scarfs and rugs, all kinds of fancy works, loop stitch, purl stitch, double stitch, welts, and a hundred other matters of which we know as much (thereabouts) as of the arrowheaded characters of the Medes or Persians,—every thing is here made easy to the meanest capacity; and those who wish to learn knitting and netting have nothing to do but read Miss Watts.

Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Garden and Bulbs. Part IV. (London, Smith.)—This part is adorned with the many beautiful varieties of *Gladiolus*; than which no bulbous plant is more gay and rich. Every colour of the rainbow brightens the hues of these graceful flowers.

An Inquiry into the Causes of the Pressure on the Money Market during 1839, by J. W. Gilbart. (London, Longman and Co.)—A pamphlet of sixty-three pages, chiefly on the banking questions and the currency of the country. The writer objects to a sole bank of issue; but why should not the government itself undertake this national duty?

A History of Prices, and of the State of the Circulation in 1838 *and* 39. *With Remarks on the Corn-Laws, &c.*, by W. Tooke, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 298. (London, Longman and Co.)—Resuming the important subjects which his former publications discussed, Mr. Tooke has in this volume displayed the same ability and unwearied research in bringing down his information and argument to the latest time. His views on the corn-laws, and opinions in favour of lowering the price of agricultural produce, are again enforced by a reference to the prices of commodities of various kinds; and he has also thrown out some suggestions, of much public interest at this period, on certain alterations which he proposes in the system of banking. The book is one for the study of all politicians and political economists.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, July 7, 1840.

SITTING of June 29.—M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire announced that there had been born at the Garden of Plants, on the 26th, a fawn, the father of which was of a species peculiar to Java, or which at least had not been met with out of the Sunda Islands; and the mother was the axis of continental India. This, he observed, would tend to modify the doctrine of the permanency of species.—M. Jules Guérin mentioned that he had four times succeeded in curing convergent strabism of the eyes by the section of the muscles, although in rather a different manner from that practised by M. Dieffenbach.—The rest of the sitting was occupied by private business.

There has been presented to the Academy a small work, containing the results of the observations made during 1839 at the observatory of the Roman College, under the direction of Padre F. Vico. The first part of the observations relates to the determination of the latitude and longitude of the observatory. These are deduced from the average of more than 4000 observations; and the latitude ascertained to be 41° 53′ 52″·13, differing by 2″ from that determined by Conti and Oriani. The difference of longitude between the observatory and those of Naples and Altona had also been determined: in the first case, by simultaneous observations of shooting stars; in the latter, by very careful observations of the moon and stars. Another part of the observations relate to the nebula of Orion, in which the observers think that they have remarked some notable changes; and also, to the rings of Saturn, the existence of a great number of subdivisions in which is hereby apparently confirmed. A remarkable part of the operations of the observers is that relating to the determination of the rotation of Venus on her axis, and the duration of the rotation. This they have effected by observing the spots on the surface of that planet with a first-rate telescope of Cauchois's manufactory during the day, the radiation of the planet being then much less; and they have found the duration of the rotation to coincide with what Schrœter had previously determined, viz. $23^h\ 21^m\ 7^s$.—M. Regnault has been elected a member of the Academy, section of chemistry; and Sir E. Parry has been elected a corresponding member, section of geography.

Application of the Theory of the Contrast of Colours.—M. Chevreul, whose interesting experiments and communications to the Institute on this subject we have several times noticed, has published a highly valuable volume, in which the results of his inquiries are described and applied to painting, sculpture, tapestry, manufactures, decorations of houses and theatres, *ladies' dresses*, uniforms of soldiers, horticulture, &c. &c. Having already mentioned more than once his theory as to the laws of contrast arising from juxtaposed colours being supplementary to each other or not, we need not now do more than allude to it, and observe that the influence of one colour on another is much greater than is generally imagined. M. Chevreul's book should be in the hand—we would almost say in the head, or even the eye—of every body interested in the forementioned

subjects. We proceed to quote some instances of the practical application of the theory.

When the eye has looked at a red object for a considerable time, it has a tendency to see all things tinted with the supplementary colour, green; and hence if a person about to purchase red cloth examines fourteen or fifteen pieces in succession, the four or five last will appear less red to him than the first ones did, although they are identical in colour and brilliancy. The dealer, in this case, ought to shew the purchaser some pieces of green cloth; and if the eye of the purchaser dwells on them so long that the normal state of the eye is altered, it will have a tendency to see all things tinted with the complementary colour, red; and then a piece of red cloth presented to him will appear more red than it really is. Several manufacturers, not aware of the influence of colours on their eyes, having ordered plain stuffs of a red, violet, or blue colour, to have black patterns printed on them, have often complained that the patterns so printed on the red had a greenish tinge; those on the violet, a greenish yellow tint; and those on the blue, a brownish or orange tint. M. Chevreul has proved the error in several cases, by cutting out white paper so as to cover all the stuff except the black pattern, which has then come out of the most brilliant black;—and, again, he has cut out the black pattern from one stuff and applied it to another, when it was found to change its tint on account of its juxtaposition. Applying his theory to the decorations of the interiors of theatres, where as much light as possible is wanted, he infers that light colours ought to prevail; that blue or crimson should never be used; that white ought to prevail in the fronts; and that a rose colour should *never* be used for the backs of the boxes, because that colour would give a green tint to female complexions. On the contrary, a light green is the best colour to use, this making the complexion look more rosy than it really is. Similar observations apply to the interior of houses: all reds, orange tints, and violets, are extremely disadvantageous to the complexion; dark colours are difficult to light up. Among the light colours, the best are yellow, or light green, or light blue; all these being favourable, not only to the woods used for furniture, but also to the complexions of females. After these, whites, whitish tints, and greys, are not disadvantageous. As applied to the uniforms of soldiers, M. Chevreul remarks, as a fact well known, that a uniform of well-contrasted colours will look much better than one all of the same colour, after the same degree of wear and tear. Green and red form one of the most striking and advantageous contrasts, being supplementary colours to each other; the red making the green look more green than it is, and the green producing a corresponding effect on the red. Dark blue and scarlet are good, because the former, by its supplementary colour, orange, adds force to the scarlet; and the scarlet, by its supplementary colour, blueish green, adds intensity to the blue. Green and yellow form a good uniform for cavalry. In treating of ladies' toilettes, M. Chevreul says that he can only apply his theory to the white race of females; all the coloured population offering such a strong contrast that gradations of colour are of little effect with them. For ladies with fair hair, or dark hair, those colours that produce the greatest contrasts are the best. Thus, for fair hair, sky-blue is very becoming, because it approaches the nearest to the colour which has for its supplement an orange tint, which is the foundation of the tint of the hair and complexion in this case. Yellow and orange-tinted red are becoming to ladies with black hair on account of their brilliant contrast; and again, the supplementary colours of these two, viz. violet and blueish green, are also becoming, because they harmonise with the blackness of the hair. Rose-coloured things should never be put in absolute contact with rosy complexions, because the latter are sure to lose by the comparison; they should be separated either by white lace, or blonde, or, in case of a cap or bonnet, by locks of hair. Pale green is exceedingly becoming to pale complexions, because it makes them appear more rosy than they really are; but it is unfavourable to ruddy complexions, because it increases their redness. A violet-coloured dress will make a fair complexion look green, and will make a yellowish complexion look orange. Violet should never be used for fair complexions except of a very deep tint, so as to make a strong contrast. Orange is bad for all complexions. Dead white, such as calico, is good for clear complexions, but very disadvantageous for those that are the contrary. On the other hand, the white of muslin, or tulle, in folds, or *en ruche*, is more advantageous. Our fair countrywomen who have been in Paris, and know what the colours of French stuffs are, will appreciate these hints: those who know only the coarse gaudy tints of English dyers will find them nearly incomprehensible. M. Chevreul should open a special course of lectures for ladies!

The *Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin* has elected among its foreign members M. Elie de Beaumont, the great geologist, and M. de Blainville, the eminent professor of zoology. The fourth volume of the "Monumenta Historiæ Patriæ, edita jussu Regis Caroli Alberti," being the first of the series including the chronicles of Savoy, has just been presented to the King of Sardinia. Its contents are as follows:—"1. Anciennes Chroniques de Savoie. 2. Chronique du Comte Rouge (Amédée VII.), par Persinet Dupin. 3. Chronica Latina Sabaudiæ. 4. Chronica Abbatiæ Altecumbæ. 5. Chronica Juvenalis de Aquino. 6. Epitome Historica Dominici Maccanæi. 7. Mémoires sur la Vie de Charles IX., Duke de Savoie (Carlo III.), par Pierre Lambert, Seigneur de la Croix. 8. Discorso Historico di Giuseppe Cambiano, Signore di Ruffia."

We see that Nos. XXIII. to XXVI. of the "Museo Scientifico, Letterario, Artistico," of Turin, are just out. The plates are numerous and good, and the articles more than usually interesting.

M. Marochetti, the eminent sculptor who produced the fine equestrian statue of Emmanuel Philibert, of Savoy, in 1838, has been intrusted with the execution of the monument of Napoleon to be erected in the Church of the Invalides. It is to be in the style of that of Francis I. at St. Denis, and is to be surmounted by an equestrian statue of the emperor.—The Minister of the Interior has purchased M. Simart's spirited statue of Orestes, exhibited in this year's *salon*.

Sciarada.

Il *primier* dai Lidi coi
Sempre spira e spirerà;
Balbettar l' *altro* fra noi
Dal fanciul si sentirà,
Tosto appena i primi accenti
Lasua lingua snoderà.
Sceso giù dall' Emisfero
Tutto assorto in sua beltà,
Giove un dì rapio l' *intero*,
Il cui nome ancor si dà
Allaterra, ov' ebber culla
Arti, studj, e civiltà.

Answer to the last:—Cor-petto.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.

JUNE 22. The President in the chair.—Professor Daubeny communicated a paper 'On Self-registering Meteorological Instruments,' and urged their employment wherever it was practicable; and pointed out a method for registering the height of the barometer and thermometer during the day, by means of a slip of photogenic paper, progressing at a certain rate by means of clock-work, and placed behind the instruments. He then alluded to a plan of his own for registering the intensity of the solar light, and likewise to similar inventions of a less imperfect description, proposed by Mr. Jordan, of Falmouth, and by Sir John Herschel. He next proceeded to point out the construction of Osler's Self-registering Raingauge and Anemometer. The professor concluded by expressing his wish that these instruments should be procured for the Ashmolean Society, and set up somewhere within the precincts of the University, where they could be consulted at pleasure, and daily registers kept of the results obtained. The President, Dr. Buckland, then proposed that a subscription should be set on foot for their purchase, which was agreed to.—The Keeper of the Museum gave the following description of book-worms:—"There are various species of book-worms, the one probably most familiar to most of my hearers is the allegorical book-worm, man. He is a very voracious devourer, generally in proportion to the extent of his intellect, but he is pantophagous. Those animals I am about to describe to you confine their appetites to the food found in the various materials of books, whether paper, leather, or parchment. They spare neither sacred nor profane literature—neither the most pious, the most eloquent, the most learned labours of our most zealous divines, the most sublime musings of our poets, nor the most elaborate investigations of our lawyers and critics, the theories and practice of our medical, nor the minute researches of our scientific, philosophers. All these have in their turns fallen a sacrifice to the depredations of the *Anobium*, the *Dermestes*, and *Lepisma*, *Squamatum*, *Argenteum*, *Cauda triplici*. 'How dear are our books,' says an eminent naturalist, 'our cabinets of the various productions of nature, and their collections of prints and other works of art and science to the learned, the scientific, and the virtuosi! Even these precious treasures have their insect enemies. The larvæ of *Crambus pinguinalis*, whose ravages in another quarter I have noticed before, will establish itself upon the binding of a book, and spinning a robe which it covers with its own excrement, will do to it no little injury. A mite (*Acarus eruditus*) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. I have also observed the caterpillar of another little moth, of which I have not ascertained the species, that takes its station in damp old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages; and many a black-letter rarity, which in these days of bibliomania would have been valued at its weight in gold, has been snatched by these destroyers from the hands of book-collectors. The little wood-boring beetles, *Anobiumpertinax*, and *Striatum*, also attack books, and will even bore through several volumes.' Mr. Peignot mentions an instance where, in a public library but little frequented, twenty-seven folio volumes were perforated in a straight line by the same insect (probably one of these species) in such a manner that, in passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, these twenty-seven volumes could

be raised at once. The animals last mentioned also destroyed prints and drawings, whether framed or preserved in a portfolio. The *Termes pulsatorius*, which is accused of frightening the timid at night, as the death-watch, is also accused of being a depredator of books."—*Oxford Herald.*

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, July 3.—Mr. D. Cooper, Curator, in the chair.—Exhibited specimens of *Buxbaumia Aphylla*, found on the Sedlam Hills in Scotland; of *Lapsana communis* with glandular hairs, and of *Malva sylvestris* with incurved petals, by Mr. Gardiner, jun., Mr. Buckland, and Dr. Bossey. Also, living specimens of *Iris fœtidissima, Ophrys apifera, Gymnadenia conopsea, Lilion martagon, Aspidium dilatatum*, and other interesting plants, sent from the neighbourhood of Reigate, Surrey, to the Society, by Mr. H. M. Holman.—A very extensive donation of books, seeds, and specimens of woods, was presented by Dr. Macreight, V.P.; and an interesting paper by Dr. Bossey, 'On the Elementary Tissues of Plants,' was read.—Adjourned.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, July 2.—The Rev. J. W. Whiteside, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Medicine.—H. B. Leeson, Trinity College, Grand Compounder.

Doctor in Music.—G. J. Elvey, New College, Organist of St. George's, Windsor, and Private Organist to her Majesty.

Masters of Arts.—W. L. Collins, Scholar, Rev. S. G. Dudley, Jesus College; Rev. F. G. Hopwood, Christ Church; M. Harrison, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; Rev. W. Green, Rev. J. M. Barlow, Worcester College; Rev. F. M. R. Barker, Oriel College; Rev. J. W. Horsley, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. Clifton, Lincoln College; J. F. Austen, F. P. Phillips, Christ Church; E. Bather, Postmaster of Merton College; T. Goff, Oriel College; H. J. Drury, Worcester College.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes, for the ensuing year, viz.:—

For Latin Verse—"Viæ per Angliam ferro stratæ."

For an English Essay—"The Pleasures and Advantages of Literary Pursuits, compared with those which arise from the Excitement of Political Life."

For a Latin Essay—"De Etruscorum cultu, legibus, et moribus, eorumque apud Romanos vestigiis."

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize; for the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any Undergraduate who, on the day above specified, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation—"The Sandwich Islands."

Theological Prize.—"The Study of Ecclesiastical History." The subject here stated was appointed by the judges for an English essay.—*Oxford Herald.*

GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Athens, June 18.

THE Antiquarian Society of Athens ("Η ἐν Ἀθήναις Ἀρχαιολογικὴ Ἑταιρία) held its third anniversary general meeting on the evening of the 31st May (12th June), by brilliant moonlight, under the columns of the Parthenon, on the Acropolis, which was attended by nearly all the members at present at Athens. The Councillor of State, M. Rizo, who is the President of the Society, addressed the members in a very able and eloquent speech, congratulating the Society on the increasing interest which it continues to create, both in Greece and in Europe, and the support it derives from distinguished antiquarians in England, France, Germany, and Italy; and stating that the present King of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, had enrolled themselves among the list of members. The Secretary, M. Rangavee, then read the report of the proceedings of the Society during the past year, and an account of the receipts and expenditure; from which it appeared that the operations had been principally directed to the opening and clearing away the rubbish round the Tower of the Winds and the beautiful Portico of the Agora, the restoring and finishing the Temple of unwinged Victory (Νικὴ ἀπτέρος), in front of the Propyleæa, and clearing out the Grotto on the Pnyx, known as the prison of Socrates; and that it is the intention of the Committee, during the present year, to bring to Athens the colossal marble lion at Cheronæa, and place it upon a suitable pedestal in some commanding situation. A ballot was then taken for the election of the officers and members of the Committee. A great concourse of people were drawn by curiosity and the brilliancy of the moonlight night to witness the proceedings, amongst whom were a great many ladies. This Society is one of great merit, and well deserving the support and co-operation of the British public, as its sole object is to restore and preserve the noble remains of antiquity, which abound every where in this classic soil, and make excavations for further discoveries. Several of their labours have been crowned with success, and many beautiful statues, and valuable and interesting inscriptions, have been brought to light by their exertions, and placed in the National Museum in the Temple of Theseus.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in Rome. Engraved by W. B. Cooke. *Accompanied by Literary Sketches.* By H. Noel Humphreys, Esq. 4to. pp. 216. Tilt.

As these fine representations of the ancient mistress of the world appeared in numbers, we repeatedly paid our well-deserved tribute to their merits. To an accurate picture of the striking and picturesque features of Rome they add all the effects which taste and skill in the arts are competent to produce. We have now, therefore, only to express our approbation of the entire manner in which the literary portion of the work has been contributed by Mr. Humphreys. It enters into the feeling of the artist and the interest of the subject. Thus the opening:—

"In our earliest thirst for travel, Italy is the magnetic point to which our longings are most powerfully directed. Paris, with its theatres, its turmoil of society, its endless gaieties—the Rhine, with its teeming legend and castellated crags, its 'cloud-capp'd towers' and lofty battlements—Switzerland, with its lakes and its glaciers—and even Spain, with its romance and its Alhambra, cannot be fully appreciated till the craving for Italy has been satiated. I have often watched the tourist in Switzerland, admiring with but a hurried and compulsory admiration—an admiration wrested from him by the majesty of nature; quite different to the spontaneous devotion paid to the first clod of Italian soil, which he is so anxious to reach that he cannot enjoy the present. During a visit to the Mount St. Bernard, I witnessed a peculiar display of this feeling. A party of young Englishmen, properly wrought upon by the sublimity of the scene, and discussing with becoming admiration the stupendous exploit of the modern Hannibal, of which it is the arena, forgot in a moment all the legitimate associations of the spot, upon being told that the Italian frontier was scarce a hundred yards distant: they rushed forward, passed the boundary, and were in—Italy; and though knee-deep in snow, and surrounded by the dense grey atmosphere that frequently shrouds the summits of the Alps, imagined a moderated temperature and purer air—it was actually Italy; and there is a magic in the name alone, that, to an ardent imagination, fills out the dream of genial climate and cerulean skies. They had not resolution to return to the Valais, and prosecute their route by the Simplon, as originally intended, but hurried at once to the land of promise, by the difficult and much less beautiful pass of St. Bernard."

The approach to Rome is described with equal enthusiasm. In the city itself, he writes:

"I thought of all I had read in my youth upon the absorbing subject of Italy; of the lasting impression that her sunny skies, her history, her fall, the glorious wrecks of her greatness, mouldering in their picturesque beauty, her subsequent revival of art and learning, and her struggles for liberty, had left upon the minds of all who have visited her, from the early pilgrims of the dark periods of the fifth and sixth centuries to the youthful wanderings of Milton, and from that time even to the visits of the fashionable tourists of our day. The aspect of Rome never failed to awe, even after her power had fallen; when martial myriads 'no longer mustered in her gates,' and her name conveyed no terror to the approaching barbarian. Like a stupendous wreck upon the waters, dismasted, disabled, and deserted by her crew, around which the savage in his canoe, issuing from the reedy creek of his wild island, paddles wondering and overawed as he floats beneath her towering hull, the work of arts beyond his comprehension, lay conquered Rome, at the feet of the savage hordes who had subdued her. Similar impressions were produced upon the minds of the early pilgrims from the savage north, when the stupendous fabrics of Rome appeared before them—they seemed above the power of man to create or destroy, as they stood, still perfect in all their great features, towering over the ruins of lesser works. Above all others, the Coliseum aroused such feelings, seeming in its ponderous circle to stamp the city with the signet of eternity; and, under the influence of its stupendous magnificence, superstitious awe dictated the prophetic proverb recorded by the Venerable Bede, in the eighth century—'While the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall;' and this proverb, quoted by Gibbon in his 'Decline and Fall,' is still remembered, and repeated by the populace of Rome. Even after the barbarian had defiled her sacred places, and dispersed her treasures, a spell remained about the name of Rome; the influence of which has been felt and acknowledged by all capable of expressing the feeling, from the early pilgrims to the days of Petrarch, and even through the withering philosophy and scepticism of the eighteenth century to the days of Byron."

As a variety, we copy a portion of a lively description of the carnival; and with it recommend the volume to every lover of the arts, and to their graceful combination with literature.

"Again, by the aid of friendly powder, the precise time of transition from the summer hues of brown or auburn, or the deeper jet, to the withering tinges of autumn, would be concealed; and even a head decorated with the condemned tint of the carrot would answer the purpose of the powder-puff, as well as one of raven black. This was exemplified in the Corso, for the *confetti* prepared for the occasion, of which thousands of pounds' weight were exposed for sale in all the adjacent streets, would have been found, upon analysis, to contain about ninety-nine parts of chalk or flour

to one of sugar; so that the powdering was soon most complete; and, after the respective toilets were once fairly equalised, the few long faces gradually widened, and all was animation and gaiety,—'*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*' The sharpest engagements took place under a balcony occupied by Prince C——, with some English companions, and a party of French; they had an immense supply of *confetti*, and each time a carriage of friends passed beneath (this strife only takes place amongst *connoissances*) they were greeted with a few pounds of sugar-plumbs, emptied from a large soup-plate, or projected from a tin engine somewhat resembling a huge extinguisher; whilst the sharpest discharge was from a kind of sling, formed of a piece of whalebone about eighteen inches in length, to the end of which is affixed a sort of spoon, or rather ladle, which being drawn back until the handle is nearly double, and suddenly let go, discharges the missiles with almost the force and precision of Perkins's gun. One luckless carriage was stopped by a halt in the line, just under this tremendous battery, and the facility and effect with which the first discharge was administered, only gave *gusto* to the continuation of the attack, which soon half filled the carriage. Retaliation was vain, for the nearest carriages and even pedestrians, seeing such a decisive attack upon the devoted vehicle (actuated by the same principle upon which a lame dog is worried by all the species), joined in the attack, and all parties were nearly lost in the cloud of smoke-like dust. Such a scene can scarcely be described; the men of the party attempted to return the salute—while those of the gentler sex, giving up all hopes of victory, crouched beneath their parasols from the pitiless hail-storm; and the coachman, dressed as a woman, displayed to the utmost advantage a most magnificent pair of legs in his endeavours to raise the head of the carriage. 'The mirth and fun grew fast and furious'—when the line again moving forward, extricated the sufferers from their perilous situation; and all was for a moment comparatively calm. The traces of the combat were, however, still visible: a dense white cloud might be observed slowly rising towards the third story of the Palazzo G——, and a desperate gang of little urchins were scrambling among the horses' feet, collecting the *confetti*, which were now ankle-deep, to sell again at half-price to the less aristocratic combatants who fought on foot, who, not having the means, like the balconists and carriagists, of carrying large quantities of ammunition, were compelled ever and anon to renew their stock of projectiles from the nearest source. Bang! bang! the signal cannon! This is to clear the street for the horse-race. Every carriage is now obliged to take the first turning out of the Corso, to the right or left; by which arrangement the whole length of the street is cleared in an incredibly short time, without confusion. And all being clear, the maskers and mummers take full possession; and in the interval previous to the race, all bow to the now imperial sway of the sceptre of Momus.

'Love making, laughing, morris dancing, mumming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming,'

are now the order of the day."

Heath's Waverley Gallery. Part IV. Tilt. This part of the principal female characters in Scott's "Romances" presents us with "The Unknown," from "Red Gauntlet;" "Catherine, the Fair Maid of Perth," and "Queen Berengeria," from "The Talisman;" the latter the most poetical of the three, though Catherine is a pretty Scotch lassy, doing the humane in conveying food to the prisoner.

A Series of Picturesque Views on the River Quorra ("the Niger of the ancients") is announced by Captain William Allen, R.N., and we are glad to see under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Albert; whose auspices will, we trust, be propitious, not only to this work, but to the expedition to the same quarter now preparing to sail. We have pleasure in adding that all these preparations are proceeding in the best possible manner, and Captains Trotter and Allen will probably leave us on their interesting enterprise soon after the middle of October.

Holy Family by Coreggio.

A fine picture ascribed to Coreggio, consisting of two female and a child's head, is now exhibiting in Pall Mall, by Mr. Atherstone. It is a wonderfully pure and transparent piece of colouring, and the flesh tints are of rare tone and beauty. We have before now confessed our want of sufficient acquaintance with the productions of this master to deliver an opinion upon the authenticity of works attributed to him; but we can truly state that this is a charming and uncommon specimen of art. It is stated to be from a convent near Parma; and the group is portion of a large and well-known picture by Coreggio. A splendid fresco female head, also said to be by him, is in the same room, and is a very striking and attractive performance.

E. T. James, D.D. Bishop of Calcutta.

This delicately executed and expressive portrait is engraved by E. Finden, from an electrotype plate on Mr. Smee's plan, by E. Palmer; and is a beautiful specimen of this new process in art.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

This celebrated man died at Viterbo on the 27th ult., aged sixty-two. When the history of the time in which he lived comes to be sifted by posterity, he will unquestionably appear as one of not the least extraordinary of the extraordinary family of which he was a member. His courage and talent had much influence in exalting it to its giddy and prodigious height; and he remained, true to his principles, the rejector of proffered crowns. But his later devotion to literature (a distinguishing and most honourable characteristic in most of the race to which he belonged) is the feature which entitles him to this brief record in our Journal. His epic poem of "Charlemagne," and his work on the magnificent Etruscan vases discovered on his Italian domains, besides other literary productions, prove his claim to this tribute; and we render it willingly to an individual whose high intellectual attainments, and great simplicity of manners, rendered him an object of interest and admiration to all who ever enjoyed the gratification of meeting him in social or private life.

SKETCHES.

ICELAND AND LAPLAND.

We had not room in our Number 1201 for the illustration of the Lappish portion of Mr. Dillon's work, which, agreeably to our promise, we now insert to complete our review.

"At last (he says), after an indefinite number of hours, we reached our halting-place. Winding a watch, or even taking it out of the pocket, was quite out of the question, as the hands became frostbitten by exposure without gloves, even for a few minutes. Considering, however, that we had travelled seventy miles since morning, it could not be less than eleven or twelve o'clock when we heard the welcome news that we had finished our day's work. I was dozing at the time, keeping just sufficiently awake to balance the sledge, when we came to a standstill, and the wapphus released my deer; as the thong which I steered him by was twisted round my wrist, I was soon thoroughly awakened by his half hauling me out of the pulka, inside which I was laced by cross ropes. I naturally looked round to survey my resting-place for the night, but was some time before I discovered a sort of circular trench, within which the ground rose to an apex, perhaps three feet higher than the surrounding plain. By this time the wapphus having disengaged, my companion offered to conduct us to the 'gamma,' as it is called in Finmark. In the side of the trench, upon closer examination, there appeared a doorway about four feet high, which led into a vestibule of corresponding grandeur. When I had crept into this place, for the accumulation of snow inside made it impossible to enter in a more dignified manner, I found a little door which opened into a room about twelve feet square. The roof sloped up to an opening in the middle, which served to let the smoke out. Four upright posts with crosstrees occupied the centre, where the fire was to be made, and the kettles to be hung. The traveller must, indeed, have been fastidious who could have been dissatisfied with these arrangements, or thought that the state had not done enough in providing this refuge for strangers. At the time, I recollect I was most thankful, and felt delighted at finding that we had picked up several companions who intended to halt at the same place. These were Laplanders and Finlanders, journeying, like us, to the coast, and accoutred in the same way. There lay a good deal of snow about the floor of the room, but there was little danger of its thawing, as, notwithstanding a large fire which was speedily made with brushwood collected in the neighbourhood, the thermometer shewed more than fifteen degrees of cold of Réaumur. When the company had sat down round the blaze, the kettles were brought out, and frozen reindeer's meat chopped up, and partially thawed. A very substantial meal of meat and broth was soon prepared, and several long pulls at the brandy-bottles took off the chill from the party. They soon became very talkative, and the only thing I had to regret was not being able to enter into conversation with them. I had brought a bottle of port wine from Tornea, and it had hitherto escaped unhurt amid the perils of all kinds that had threatened it. The moment was now arrived when its strengthening powers were to be put to the test, but, alas! it cracked just as I had succeeded in thawing it, and my companions and I were obliged to substitute snow-water, out of a greasy wooden ladle that had served for baling out the wapphus' broth. As for the reindeer, they were left to pick up the moss in the neighbourhood, their owners only taking the precaution to leave the halter and trace on them. Beyond this they gave no more trouble than if they had not existed, and the guides returned to the 'gamma,' where they did ample justice to their fare. It has been remarked, that the Greenlanders can devour an extraordinary quantity of food at a sitting, and their bre-

thren, the Laplanders, who resemble them in other respects, probably do not yield the palm to them in this. Before drinking they took the precaution of warming, or at least taking the chill off, their corn brandy in a saucepan—a practice which I have since observed to be much in use among them. The addition of pipes and tobacco put them into particularly good-humour, and doubtless much wit was bandied about, for laughing became the order of the day. Now that the cravings of hunger were appeased, and each had wedged in his body so as to have a sight of the fire, we became sensible of one inconvenience which, however grave, had as yet been unnoticed. The fresh fuel collected in the neighbourhood caused a most awful smoke. Every part of the gamma was filled with it, and it was impossible to sit in comfort; as for standing up, it was out of the question, as there was immediate danger of being stifled. Once or twice I was obliged to rush out into the open air, but was soon driven back to the hut by the bitterness of the cold. Nothing, however, could inconvenience the natives, and gradually the labours of the day, aided by their potations, sent them to sleep. The group was curious, and I never saw a heap of human bodies jumbled together in such glorious confusion. As the area of the gamma, unoccupied by the embers, was far from sufficient for the number who required a place, many lay with others piled on their legs, and with their faces within a very few inches of the fire. My companion shewed no inclination to talk, and finding by the snoring that every one had betaken himself to sleep, I followed the example of the rest, and soon forgot the troubles of the day. When I awoke the fire was out, and the remains of last night's supper frozen hard in the kettles. My limbs were stiff with cold, and ached from the uncomfortable position in which I had passed the night. By the light that came through the hole in the roof, I perceived the day must have been far advanced, and some indications of preparing for departure were apparent. The interior of the room was now visible, and the light did not improve my ideas of the comforts of the place. The whole of the ground round the fire was covered with snow, and icicles hung from the roof. Some time was spent in settling who should go in search of the cattle, as no one seemed inclined to leave their breakfast. At last the youngest of the party fastened on his long snow-shoes, and in a few minutes after was scarcely visible, sliding in the distance. The weather had hitherto been fine, though intensely cold, and we were lucky in being able to leave the gamma so soon. Travellers are often detained there three or four days by a sudden fall of snow, or a violent head-wind. Not unfrequently, when overtaken by a storm, they are unable to reach this or any other refuge, and are obliged to bury themselves in the snow, and remain thus imbedded till the return of moderate weather. The pulkas are piled on the weather side, and with this slight shelter they contrive to defend themselves against the cold, and wait in comparative warmth till they can proceed."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MERIT TO MANCHESTER.

Merit to Manchester!—hath she not been
Nurse of the Sciences?—Friend of true worth?—
Mother of Commerce, whose greatness is seen
Like an outburst of glory pervading the earth!—

Merit to Manchester!—still with her Trade,
Instruction—Intelligence—Charity, rose!—
What She is,—her own sons have with Industry made,
And may she ne'er lose what to labour she owes!

Merit to Manchester!—is it mean skill
To have founded the seat of Mechanical Art?—
To have fed the wide ocean with fleets at her will,
Whilst the universe made her rich bosom its mart.

Merit to Manchester!—loved is her name
Wherever Invention and Talent appear;—
She has sons who, like *Dalton*, unite her to Fame;
Who, like *Liverseege*, mark her to Genius dear!

Merit to Manchester!—though not of those
Who may add a new leaf to the wreath of thy crown;—
Still my heart with a prayer for thy happiness glows;
Still may God thrive thee ever, my dear Native Town!

C. SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

THERE is little in the drama to require our notice this week. At the *Haymarket*, Mr. Kean has essayed the overpowering task of *Macbeth*; and at the *Prince's Theatre*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* has been produced with considerable effect. There is much in the music to merit the public attention.

On Thursday, the enterprise of the English Opera company brought forward another new melodrama called *The Corsair*, which was performed with great spirit, and received with loud applause by a well-filled house.

VARIETIES.

Antarctic Expedition.—Captain Mapleton, already well known for his persevering exploration in the Southern Seas, has sailed from the river, in the Eliza Scott schooner, for the Antarctic. He will do little if he does not do more than is related in Mons. D'Urville's obscure and turgid report of his wonderful discoveries—of nothing, that we can detect, which was undiscovered before!

Copyright.—We regret to observe from the parliamentary reports, that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill has been again *shelved* till another session. One might think that instead of an act of justice to every author, and of general encouragement to the depressed literature of England, it were a Bill of Wrongs, to be thus treated by the legislature!

Ancient MSS.—A catalogue of the valuable collection of manuscripts in the Cathedral library of Chartres has just been printed, under the direction of M. Chasles, and other *literati* of that town, for private distribution among literary men. We understand that this excellent example is about to be followed at Boulogne, and other local libraries on the Continent.

French Literature.—M. Durand continues his lectures with increasing attraction. On Wednesday last (having the preceding Wednesday delivered an excellent discourse on Italian literature, &c.) he came more directly to that of his native country, which he illustrated in an ample and most interesting manner.

Music.—M. C. Dhuy, well known to the foreign musical world as a very fine guitarist, and whose theoretical works in musical literature are highly esteemed, has, we understand, visited London not only as a musical professor, but in order to publish a dictionary of music, and instructions for the instrument on which his practice is so beautiful. He has already played in some private assemblies, where his skill, taste, and execution, have been greatly admired.

Dr. Weissenborn, of Weimar, lately presented to the Zoological Society two specimens (male and female) of the black variety of the common hamster (*Cricetus vulgaris*), and a head, preserved so as to display the cheek-pouches of that animal. The doctor states that he possesses a common pigeon, just fledged, in which no vestiges of the organs of vision can be traced. The orbits are tolerably well developed, and lined with a sort of half-mucous membrane, and therefore destitute of feathers. He had never heard of a similar defect in any animal; and in one where the incubation is extra-uterine, it appears doubly wonderful or anomalous. The bird is quite healthy, and presents in its habits several curious anomalies, which may be traced to its monstrosity.

Squib.—A production of *Letters* (*Belles Lettres*, if you please) can nowhere be so appropriately bestowed as in the *Literary Gazette:* so here is the first bulletin touching

The China War.

The war that now our trade with China fetters,
Is nothing but a mere affair of letters!—
A question 't is of O—P—M and T;
The Chinese War-Commissioner is E,
And we are going to bombard them by C,
Because their notions and our own don't G,
And they won't let our Smuggling Clippers B.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Royle has completed his beautiful and scientific "Illustrations of the Botany and other Branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere," in two imperial quarto volumes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Hand-Books of Travellers, 12s.—Ten Illustrations of the Landslip in Devonshire, with Notes by Dr. Buckland, 1*l.* 1s.—An Essay on the Prostate Gland, by R. A. Stafford, 5s.—Transactions of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, Vol. VIII. 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Sandron Hall; or, the Days of Queen Anne, by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, M.P. 3 vols. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—The Servant Girl in London, 18mo. sewed, 1s.—The Grecian Drama, by the Rev. J. R. Darley, 8vo. 12s.—Hardy's Strangers' Guide through Dublin, 2s. 6d.—Mitchell's Life of Wallenstein, 2d edition, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Palace of Architecture; a Romance of Art and History, by George Wightwick, imperial 8vo. 2*l.* 12s. 6d.; India proofs, in morocco, 3*l.* 5s.—The History of England, by Julia Corner, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Meddlings with the Muse, by J. A. Simons, post 8vo. 7s.—Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, 1840, by W. Braithwaite, Vol. I. 4s. 6d.—The Album of Love, 12mo. 5s.—Washington, by M. Guizot, translated by H. Reeve, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Lyell's Principles of Geology, 6th edition, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 4s.—The Rod and the Gun, by J. Wilson, &c. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, Part II. 4to. 17s. 6d.—The Christian Year, 19th edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Bampton Lectures, by Edward Hawkins, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Life of Luther, royal 8vo. sewed, 3s.—The Oriental Portfolio, Part II. 1*l.* 1s.—Memoirs of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, 2 vols. 8vo. new edition, 12s.—New and Complete Concordance on the Basis of Cruden, post 8vo. 9s.—Rough Notes of the Campaign in Sinde, &c. by Major J. Outram, 12mo. 9s.—The Quadroone; or, St. Michael's Day, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Commentaries from the Text of Blackstone, by J. B. Bayly, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 8s.—Jones's Collection of Twenty-one Sermons in Welsh, 8vo. 4s.—The Life of Richard Davies in Welsh, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—The Orations of Demosthenes, translated with Notes, by Owen Flintoff, 8vo. 3s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1840.

July.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 2	From 57 to 66	29·73 to 29·60
Friday 3	.... 55 .. 65	29·50 .. 29·49
Saturday .. 4	.... 51 .. 70	29·72 .. 29·82
Sunday 5	.... 55 .. 69	29·65 .. 29·69
Monday .. 6	.... 50 .. 67	29·72 .. 29·48
Tuesday .. 7	.... 48 .. 64	29·50 .. 29·67
Wednesday 8		

Prevailing wind, south-west.

On the 2d, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain during the day; the 3d, afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain at times; the 4th, evening overcast, with rain, otherwise clear; the 5th, morning cloudy, rain fell about 1 P.M., otherwise clear; the 6th, generally clear, except the evening, when rain fell; the 7th, evening overcast, a shower of rain about half-past 3 P.M., otherwise clear; the 8th, morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, ·21 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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